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**FOURTH YEAR**  
**LANGUAGE READER**

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**PART TWO**



# FOURTH YEAR LANGUAGE READER

## PART TWO

BY

FRANKLIN T. BAKER

PROFESSOR OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE  
IN TEACHERS COLLEGE

GEORGE R. CARPENTER

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC AND ENGLISH COMPOSITION  
IN COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

AND

IDA E. ROBBINS

INSTRUCTOR IN THE HORACE MANN SCHOOL

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## PREFACE

1. THE distinctive feature of the Language Reader Series is that it includes in one book for each of the first six grades all the work in English needed for the grade, except the supplementary reading. This plan may be defended by the arguments: (*a*) economy of time and money, and (*b*) efficiency in instruction.

. At the present time, when the curriculum has become unduly crowded, the problem must be simplified by unifying certain lines of the work. The close relation of reading, composition, spelling, etc., attained by viewing them definitely as only certain elements of the work in English, tends to reduce the confusion in the mind of the pupil.

There is no dissent among teachers as to the value of good literature as the basis of the English work of the school. But the classics are often either not related at all to the work in expression, or the relationship is indicated in a vague and desultory fashion. The Language Readers attempt to make this relationship close and vital, without rendering the work in expression pedantic and without killing the enjoyment of the reading.

It is agreed, further, that the facts of language—both the definite things, such as spelling and sentence structure, and the indefinite things, such as the connotation of terms and the discrimination between synonyms—are not to be learned and fixed by one act of attention; but that we learn and relearn some of them by continued observations, and that we come by

approximating steps to the knowledge of others. It follows that a plan of teaching English which gives the pupil the *habit of observing the facts of language as he reads* must be the best guarantee of his permanent hold upon it and his continued growth in it. This idea is indeed not new. Books upon composition draw largely upon literature for their exercises, and reading books introduce—though timidly and incompletely—lessons in the study of language. The present series is a full working out of an idea toward which the books—of either class—have been tending in the past ten years.

2. The editors have taken pains that each volume of the series should have, so far as possible, some dominant interest in its reading matter. In the first two books, where the main problem is to teach the beginnings of reading, much must be sacrificed to interest and simplicity, and these books have dealt with the ordinary materials, simple story and poetry, mostly of folk tale and child life. In the third book, the dominant element is the fairy story and folk tale; in the fourth, the animal story and the tale of adventure; in the fifth, the great myths of the world; and in the sixth, a selection of stories, poems, and essays which are intended in a special way to serve as an introduction to the general field of literature.

In the compilation great care has been taken that the books shall be *good readers*, independent of the language work introduced. At every stage of the work the standards of good literature and the interests of the normal child have been kept in mind. A too common fault among school readers is the effect of “scrappiness,” due to the brevity of the selections. The editors have therefore included a number of selections which are, by the child’s standard, long stories. In the mechanical execution of the books, also, the language work has been so handled as not to make it obtrusive in appearance or

impertinent in comment, and the literature has been so placed that the teacher may, when desirable, treat it as literature only. Composition work which obstructs the interest in reading is wide of its true aim.

3. In grading the reading and language work the editors have had the assistance of able and experienced teachers from both public and private schools. The language work increases in importance in the higher grades. As repetition is an important element in instruction, the editors have not hesitated to bring in certain facts more than once; and for the same reason reviews and summaries are inserted.

4. In the Fourth Year Language Reader the language work includes drill in spelling, attention to details of mechanical form, — such as punctuation, quotation marks, etc., — and especial attention to the arrangement of ideas to be expressed in oral and written composition in a simple and orderly form. The spelling lists have been put at the end of the volume in order not to give the pages of the book an appearance of too great complexity.

THE AUTHORS.

NEW YORK,  
July, 1905.





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## GENERAL PLAN OF LANGUAGE LESSONS FOR THE FOURTH YEAR

- I. SENTENCE STUDY.** Pages 16, 41, 42, 70, 72.
1. Sentence, statement, and question reviewed. Changing from one form to the other.
  2. Commands. Study of form and use.
  3. Exclamation. Study of form and use.
- II. COMPOSITION.** Pages 22, 27, 35, 59, 91, 120, 131, 157, 178, 181, 189, 239, 251, 277.
- Questions on topics as basis. Reproduction. Filling in outlines. Saying things in different ways. Subjects suggested by the reading.
- III. DICTATION EXERCISES.** Pages 42, 53, 85, 147, 211, 249, 276, 283.
- Drill on and review of 1. kinds of sentences, 2. forms of punctuation, 3. use of capitals, 4. division of sentences and paragraphs, 5. arrangement of lines in poetry, 6. spelling.
- IV. QUOTATIONS.** Pages 70, 84, 92, 147.
1. Undivided quotations reviewed.
  2. Divided quotations. Selection of sentences containing such quotations, and practice in writing them.
  3. Marks in book titles. Study of given forms.
- V. THE COMMA.** Pages 110, 131, 147, 157.
- General use reviewed. Study of examples.
1. To set off name of person or persons addressed from rest of sentence.
  2. In series.
- VI. THE APOSTROPHE.** Pages 187, 211, 247, 264.
1. In contractions. Study of selected forms, and practice in writing them.
  2. In possessives. Study of examples, and practice.

**ep'i taph**, something written on a tombstone in memory of the dead.

Read this poem silently as many times as is needed to understand it. Then ask your teacher to read it aloud to you. Where and why does the poet tell us to "tread lightly"? What time of year does he think is sad for the robin? Read aloud the lines which make you think so. In the bird's heaven what things are never found? What makes little birds sing? Why does the author call spring "smiling"? Can you think of another word which describes spring as well?

## 31

## TO THE CUCKOO

O BLITHE newcomer! I have heard,  
I hear thee and rejoice;  
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,  
Or but a wandering voice?

5 While I am lying on the grass,  
Thy twofold shout I hear;  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off and near.

10 Though babbling only to the vale,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours.



And I can listen to thee yet ;  
 Can lie upon the plain  
 And listen, till I do beget  
 That golden time again.

5 O blesséd bird ! the earth we pace,  
 Again appears to be  
 An unsubstantial, fairy place,  
 That is fit home for thee !

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

**blithe**, gay, airy ; **be get'**, reproduce ; **un sub stan'tial**, imaginary, unreal.

Read this poem silently, then read it aloud. Read the lines which tell what time of year it is in this poem. Find all the words which tell how the cuckoo's song sounds. Find and read the lines which show that it is not easy to see the cuckoo.

What does this poem tell us about Wordsworth's boyhood? What does it show us he loved? Why as a grown man did Wordsworth love to hear the cuckoo?

## 32

### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight  
 appears,  
 Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for  
 10 three years ;

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She  
sees

A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;  
Bright volumes of vapor through Lothbury glide, 5  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheap-  
side.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail;  
And a single small Cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves. 10

She looks, and her heart is in heaven; but they  
fade,

The mist and the river, the hill and the shade:  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colors have all passed away from her  
eyes.

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

.en chant'ment, magic; **Lothbury** and **Cheapside** are parts of the city of London.

After you have read this poem study it with the help of the following questions: —



Why is it called "The *Reverie* of Poor Susan"? Why does Susan pause on her way in the early morning? Where is the thrush? Which word tells what effect the thrush's song has upon her? Name all the parts of the picture which she sees. Why does a little thrush's song make her see all this lovely picture? In what country do Susan and the thrush live? Ask your teacher to tell you something about the life of the author of this poem.

**Memory Work.** — How many poems about birds have we just studied? Why do so many authors, and especially poets, write about birds? Choose the one of these three poems you like best and memorize it, so that you can recite and write it.

## 33

## OUR GRAY SQUIRRELS

DOWN past my window, as I sit writing beside it, falls a twig from the black oak at the corner of the house. Half a minute later another sinks wavering downward, buoyed by its broad leaves, which are green and healthy.

This happens in July, far in advance of their natural time to fall. What is the cause? A glance informs me. One of our gray squirrels is out on the end of an overhanging limb, and I am just in time to see him bite off another leafy twig.

and carry it away. It is evident that he had dropped the other one accidentally. What is he doing? I vault out of the window, and keep him in view as he makes his way nearly to the summit of a tall white oak, where he adds his branch to a 5 half bushel or so of sticks and leaves lodged in a convenient notch. Another squirrel is there, and together they scramble over the mass, packing and entangling it together, and occasionally disappearing inside, showing that it is hollow. There 10 seems, however, to be no special entrance, the inmates pushing their way into the center, and escaping from it wherever it seems easiest to part the twigs. I have never seen more than one pair at work upon any one nest. The work is done 15 mainly in the early morning, and the task is done very speedily.

I know this particular pair of squirrels very well. They have been tenants of the grove ever since we came to live in this edge of the city, and 20 though the town has now grown beyond and around us, and the grove is given a perpetual moonlight from the electric lamp on the corner, the trees and bushes remain. In midsummer they

may indulge their fondness for toadstools, upon which, during August, they seem almost wholly to live. Nuts and acorns come with each returning autumn, and in midwinter food is spread upon  
5 friendly window sills.

Almost the only advantage the squirrels have taken of civilization, however, has been to occupy the boxes that my good neighbor has put up for them in the trees, which are tenanted more or less  
•10 all the year round, one family occupying each box and tree by itself as long as it wishes, and putting in its own furniture — a new bedroom set of grass and soft leaves. Of these boxes they much prefer those which are simply sections of hollow logs,  
15 probably because nearest like the natural holes in decayed tree trunks chosen (in cold latitudes) by the squirrels as their home. By midsummer these homes become so hot and vermin-infested that the squirrels leave them and make bowers of leaves,  
20 as my friends in the oak were doing when they attracted my attention; and they sometimes live there all winter, when the family nestles into the fluffy mass of loose leaves and grass forming the center of the ball, and thus keeps warm.

This shows the hardihood of these little animals. No weather seems cold enough to daunt them. They endure the semi-arctic climate north of Lake Superior, remain all the year on the peaks of the Adirondacks, where their only food is the seeds <sup>5</sup> of the black spruce, and appear in midwinter in Manitoba; but when a sleet storm comes, and every branch and twig is encased in ice, then the squirrel stays at home. I remember one such storm which was unusually hard and did vast <sup>10</sup> damage. The ice clothed the trees for several days, and the imprisoned animals became very hungry. My neighbor and I had swung from tree to tree a line of bridges made of poles along which the squirrels scampered, no less to their <sup>15</sup> delight than to ours, often leaping one over the other with great skill and grace when two met on this single-track, air-line road.

One of these bridges led to a window sill in each residence, where food was often spread, and it was <sup>20</sup> amusing to see the skill with which, at last, they crept toward it along the icy poles, digging their claws into the glazed surface, and often slipping astride or almost off the bridge.



A GRAY SQUIRREL

In the tree tops, where they rush and leap at full speed, they are by no means safe from falling, but usually manage to catch hold somewhere, often by only a single toe, yet are able to lift the body up, like gymnasts, to a firmer foothold. 5

One morning in the middle of October, I observed that a family of four young squirrels was venturing forth from a box just outside my study window. They were not more than six weeks old, and were very timid. It was not often that more 10 than two or three would appear at once, and one of these seemed much farther advanced than the rest, while another was very babyish. They were very curious. What a fine new world was this that they had been introduced to! They investi- 15 gated everything about them. They had very pretty ways, such as a habit of clasping each other in their arms around the neck. They frequently scratched and stroked one another, and once I saw one busily combing another's tail with 20 its forefeet.

Gradually they gain strength and confidence, and then you will see how far the liveliness of the young can surpass even that of the old squirrels.

Both old and young are exceedingly fond of play, springing from the ground as if in a high-jumping match, and turning regular summersaults in the grass. But the most amusing thing is this: finding a place where the tip of a tough branch hangs almost to the ground, they will leap up and catch it, sometimes with only one hand, and then swing back and forth with the greatest glee, just like boys who discover a grape vine in the woods or a dangling rope in a gymnasium. These and many similar antics seem to be done “just for fun.”

**buoy** (bū'i), to bear up ; **per pet'u al**, never ending ; **ver'min in fest'ed**, filled with lice, fleas, etc. ; **hard'i hood**, endurance ; **Man i to'ba**, see a map of North America.

## 34

OUR GRAY SQUIRRELS (*Concluded*)

No animal is more motherly than one of these parent squirrels, and it is delightful to watch her when the nearly grown brood has begun to make short excursions, and is “going to school.” All the other families in the grove take an interest, and

chatter about it at a great rate ; but if one comes too near the school he is likely to be driven away by the jealous mother. Every morning lessons in climbing and nut hunting are given, and it is a pretty scene. The pride of the little mother as she leads her train out on some airy path is easy to see. They are slow and timid about following. Squirrels must learn to balance themselves on the pliant limbs by slow degrees. It is many a long day after they are able to chase one another up and down and under and around a rough oak trunk, in the liveliest game of tag ever witnessed, before they can skip about the branches and leap from one to the other with confidence in their safety. The patient mother understands this, and encourages them very gently to "try, try again." I remember one such lesson. The old one marched ahead slowly, uttering low notes, as if to say : "Come on, my dears. Don't be afraid !" Every little while she would stop, and the two well-grown children following would creep up to her, and put their arms around her neck in the most human fashion, as if saying that it was almost too hard a task.

Sometimes the mother moves her kittens when



blind and hairless, carrying them in her teeth ; but generally she waits until they are able to travel. I recall one time where early in the morning a mother had got her kittens down from the old nest  
5 to the end of a bridge that ran across to the oak, in which her new home was to be. But to go out on that bridge was too much for the youngsters. She would run ahead, and one or two of them would creep after her a few yards, then suddenly  
10 become scared and scramble back. Again and again did the little mother, with endless patience and pains, counsel and coax them, until at last one was induced to keep a stout heart until he was safely over. Then followed another time of chattering  
15 and trials and failures, and so the second and third were finally got across. It was now noon, and the poor squirrel looked quite fagged out, her ears drooped, her fur was ruffled, her movements had lost their *verve*, her tail hung low, and her cries  
20 became sharp and short. Her patience was gone. Instead of tenderly coaxing the last one of the four, she scolded him, driving rather than leading the frightened youngster along the shaky cable, and when it had reached the further tree, she seized it

in her mouth, and fairly shoved it through the door of the new box.

The curiosity and gayety of the gray squirrel are perhaps his greatest charm. Nothing unusual escapes him, and he is never satisfied until he <sup>5</sup> knows all about it. He is the Paul Pry, the news-gatherer, of the woods.

When a new building is going up in or near the grove, the workmen no sooner leave it than half a dozen squirrels go over and under and through it, <sup>10</sup> examining every part. If I trim away branches and lay them in a heap, or repair a fence, or do anything else, Mr. Gray inspects it thoroughly the moment my back is turned; and when once the house was reoccupied after a long vacancy, we <sup>15</sup> caught the squirrels peeping in at the windows and hopping gingerly to the sill of each open door, to make sure the matter was all right.

It is most amusing to watch them on these tours. Two or three times a day each one makes the <sup>20</sup> rounds of the place, racing along the fences, and into one tree after another, as if to make certain that nothing had gone wrong. He will halt on the top of each post, rear up, and look all about him;

or, if his keen ears hear an unusual sound, will drop down upon all fours, ready to run, his tail held over his back like a silver-edged plume, twitching nervously and jerking with each sharp cry, as though it were connected with his vocal organs by a string.

The great curiosity I have described often gets them into trouble, and is taken advantage of by their enemies. A wise serpent will coil himself at the foot of a tree where squirrels are playing, and will slowly wave his tail or display his red tongue, sure that the squirrels will see him. Doubtless they know him for what he is — a deadly enemy ; but they cannot resist a nearer look at the curious object and that strange motion. Whining, chr-r-r-ring, barking, they creep down the tree trunk. The snake lies ready, his unwinking eyes fixed upon the excited little quadruped. Step by step, driven by a fatal desire to learn more about that fascinating thing in the grass, Bunny steals forward — and is lost.

One day a pan of shelled corn stood outside the door of my neighbor's barn, and a chipmunk (the striped ground squirrel) stole softly to it from one

side while a rat came from the barn on the other. They met at the corn, whereupon, without an instant's pause, the chipmunk sprang into the air like a cat, and alighted squarely on the back of the rat, which, surprised and cowed by this unlooked-  
for attack, turned tail, shook off his fierce little foe,  
and raced for shelter, leaving chippie to fill his  
cheek pouches at leisure and go home in triumph.

Our squirrels do not limit themselves to nuts. They are fond of buds, especially in the spring,<sup>10</sup> devouring the maple and elm buds in particular; and in summer they feed largely on fungi and berries. Raspberries and strawberries please them especially well, and they are accused of choosing the biggest and ripest ones — wise little squirrels!<sup>15</sup> They will eat dry kernels of Indian corn if they are hungry, but delight in it when it is soft and milky, and in the early days of farming in the Western States, where the animals were very numerous, they were such robbers that boys were<sup>20</sup> set to guard the field and drive them away. I am sure that they also eat insects.

The ripening of the mast in the fall is the squirrel's gala day, and the beginning of his work day,

too. He does not wait for the nuts to get ripe, but attacks their green husks, and his paws get richly stained with their brown juices. His powerful chisel teeth quickly strip the shagbark nuts, but the clinging shucks of the pignut hickory are cut through. So fast does he work that a hard dry walnut will be opened and cleaned out in less than a minute. Those squirrels that live in coniferous forests live upon the seeds of the spruce and pine. These are procured by snipping off the scales, beginning at the butt end of the cone, and working round and round. They are also said to suck sap from certain trees.

— Adapted from ERNEST INGERSOLL: *Wild Neighbors*.

**pli'ant**, easily bending, flexible; **in duce'**, to lead or persuade; **verve**, dash, energy; **va'can cy**, emptiness; **gin'ger ly**, carefully and fearfully; **fas'ci na ting**, attractive; **de vour'**, to eat greedily; **fun'gi** (fungus, when one is meant), plants of the mushroom order; **mast**, acorns and other nuts; **co nif'er ous**, cone bearing (like the pine tree).

**Word Study:** *Synonyms*. — Write paragraph 3, page 175, using words which mean the same in the place of *most amusing*, *tours*, *racing*, *certain*, *keen*, *twitching*.

**Written Composition.** — Tell about a family of squirrels or birds that has its home in a certain tree.

Perhaps it may help you to follow this outline : —

1. When they came.
2. Why they chose it.
3. How they built their home.
4. What they eat.
5. How they take care of their young.

## 35

## THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL

THE mountain and the squirrel

Had a quarrel,

And the former called the latter “Little Prig.”

Bunn replied : —

“ You are doubtless very big, 5

But all sorts of things and weather

Must be taken in together

To make up a year

And a sphere.

And I think it no disgrace 10

To occupy my place.

If I'm not so large as you

You are not so small as I,

And not half so spry.

I'll not deny you make 15

A very pretty squirrel track.  
Talents differ, all is well and wisely put.  
If I cannot carry forests on my back,  
Neither can you crack a nut.” .

— RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

What do you think the mountain and the squirrel had been quarreling about? What might the squirrel have said that made the mountain call him “Little Prig”? Who had the best of the quarrel? Tell in your own words what the squirrel meant.

### 36

#### THE DAFFODILS

5



I WANDER'D lonely as a  
cloud  
That floats on high  
o'er vales and hills,  
When all at once I saw  
a crowd,

10

A host of golden daffodils,  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.  
Continuous as the stars that shine  
And twinkle on the milky-way,  
They stretch'd in never-ending line

Along the margin of a bay :  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.  
The waves beside them danced, but they  
    Outdid the sparkling waves in glee — 5  
A poet could not be but gay  
    In such a jocund company !  
I gazed and gazed, but little thought  
What wealth the show to me had brought.  
  
For oft, when on my couch I lie 10  
    In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
    Which is the bliss of solitude ;  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils. 15

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

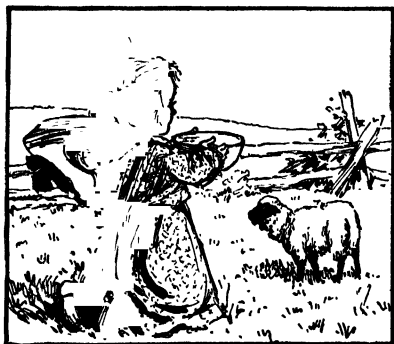
**joc'und**, gay, joyful ; **pen'sive**, sad and thoughtful.

Describe the picture you see as you read the first two lines. Can you think of any other comparison which would as well express his loneliness? Read the rest of the stanza, and give the picture it contains. Find as many expressions as you can that make us feel what a great crowd of daffodils there were. Which expresses it best? Compare the poet's feelings before he saw the daffodils with his feelings now. What further pleasure came to the poet from having seen the daffodils?



## 37

## THE PET LAMB



THE dew was falling  
fast, the stars began  
to blink ;

I heard a voice ; it said,  
“ Drink, pretty crea-  
ture, drink ! ”

And looking o’er the  
hedge, before me I  
espied

A snow-white mountain lamb, with a maiden at  
its side.

Nor sheep nor kine were near ; the lamb was all  
5 alone,

And by a slender cord was tether’d to a stone ;  
With one knee on the grass did the little maiden  
kneel,

While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening  
meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper  
took,

Seem'd to feast with head and ears, and his tail  
with pleasure shook :

“ Drink, pretty creature, drink ! ” she said in such  
a tone

That I almost received her heart into my own.

'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty  
rare !

I watch'd them with delight — they were a lovely  
pair ;

Now with her empty can the maiden turn'd away ;  
But ere ten yards were gone, her footsteps did she  
stay.

Right towards the lamb she look'd ; and from  
that shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face ;  
If nature to her tongue could measured numbers  
bring,

Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid  
might sing : —

“ What ails thee, young one ? what ? Why pull  
so at thy cord ?

Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and  
board ?

Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ;  
Rest, little young one, rest ; what is't that aileth  
thee ?

“What is it thou wouldst seek ? What is want-  
ing to thy heart ?

Thy limbs are they not strong ? and beautiful  
thou art !

This grass is tender grass ; these flowers they  
5 have no peers ;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy  
ears.

“If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy  
woolen chain ;

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst  
gain ;

For rain and mountain storms—the like thou  
need'st not fear,

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can  
10 come here.

“Rest, little young one, rest ; thou hast forgot the  
day

When my father found thee first in places far  
away ;

Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert  
own'd by none,  
And thy mother from thy side forevermore was  
gone.

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought  
thee home :

A blesséd day for thee! — then whither wouldst  
thou roam ?

A faithful nurse thou hast ; the dam that did thee  
yea

5

Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have  
been.

“Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought  
thee in this can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ;  
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet  
with dew,

I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and  
new.

10

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they  
are now ;

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the  
plow !

My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind  
is cold

Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be  
thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest! — Poor creature, can  
it be

That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so  
in thee?

5 Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither  
see nor hear.

“Alas, the mountain tops that look so green and  
fair!

I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come  
there;

The little brooks that seem all pastime and all  
play,

When they are angry, roar like lions for their  
10 prey.

“Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the  
sky;

Night and day thou art safe — our cottage is  
hard by.

Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?

Sleep, — and at break of day I will come to thee again!”

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,

This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;  
And it seem'd, as I retraced the ballad line by line,

5

That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was *mine*.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;  
“Nay,” said I, “more than half to the damsel must belong!

For she look'd with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own.” 10

— WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. -

**es py'**, to see; **kine**, cows; **tether**, to tie; **measured numbers**, words arranged in the forms of poetry; **peer**, an equal; **yea**, to bring forth; **yoke**, to fasten in harness; **be like'**, perhaps.

**Punctuation:** *The Apostrophe in Contractions.* — What marks of punctuation have you already learned to use? Go to the

blackboard and make and name all you know. We have also a little mark which looks exactly like the comma, but is called the *apostrophe*. Read the following sentences from *The Jackal and the Partridge*, and find the *apostrophe* :—

1. “ I’ll teach you manners! ”
2. “ I’m half dead with fear! ”
3. “ You don’t do half as much for me as I do for you. ”
4. “ You couldn’t do that! ”
5. The wretched creature hadn’t a word to say.
6. “ I have wings, you haven’t. ”
7. “ I didn’t throw them at you. ”

Write on the blackboard the words which contain the *apostrophe*.

Here are the same words written without the *apostrophe* :—

I will	had not
I am	have not
do not	did not
could not	

**Written Exercises.** — Turn to *The Pet Lamb*, page 182, and write in a column all the *contractions* which it contains. To the right of each contraction write its meaning like this :—

o’er = over.

Tell in your own words what contractions are, and why you think they are used.

Write three sentences, each one containing one or more of these contractions.

**Language Study.** — 1. In *Father is Coming*, page 262, find and copy every line which contains a contraction.

Below these lines write the contractions in a column, and to the right write their meanings.

2. Copy the following list of contractions in a column, and to the right of them write their meanings: —

I'll	I'm	I've	I'd
we'll	we're	you're	you'll

Write a conversation between a mouse and a cat, or a dog and a squirrel, choosing your own title, and using most of the above contractions, or any others you need.

**Rule.** — The *apostrophe* is used in a *contraction* to show that a letter or letters is or are omitted.

## 38

### A CHRISTMAS EVE IN OLD ENGLAND

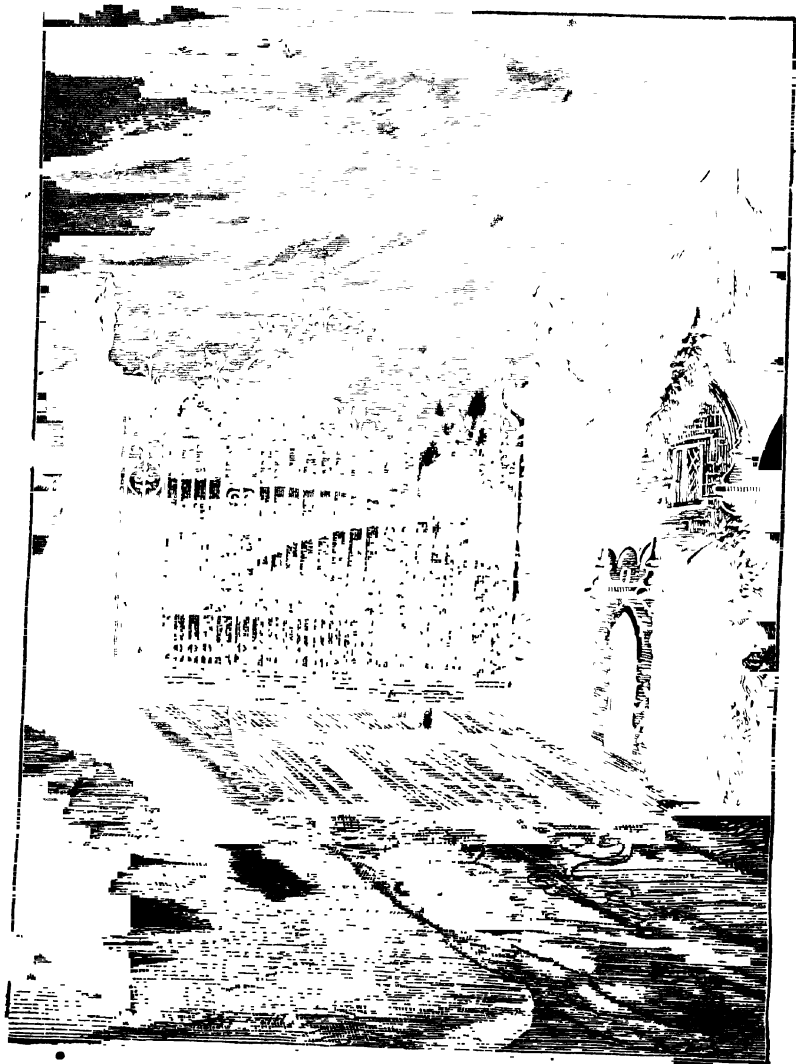
It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground; the postboy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop. "He knows where he is going," said my companion, laughing, "and is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servants' hall. My



father, you must know, is a gentleman of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality. He is a tolerable specimen of what you will rarely meet with nowadays in its purity, the old English country gentleman."

We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate. It was in a heavy magnificent old style, of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers. The huge square columns that supported the gate were surmounted by the family crest. Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir trees, and almost buried in shrubbery.

The postboy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs, with which the mansion-house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full view of a little primitive dame, dressed very much in the antique taste, with a neat kerchief and stomacher, and her silver hair peeping from under



"THE GATE WAS IN A HEAVY MAGNIFICENT OLD STYLE"

a cap of snowy whiteness. She came courtesying forth, with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up at the house keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall; they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered, as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal; and at a distance might be seen a thin transparent vapor, stealing up from the low grounds and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

We were met by the clamor of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, "mongrel, puppy, whelp and hound, and curs of low degree," that, disturbed by the ring of the porter's bell and the

rattling of the chaise, came bounding, open-mouthed, across the lawn.

“— The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me !”

cried my companion, laughing. At the sound of <sup>5</sup> his voice, the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals.

As we approached the house, we heard the <sup>10</sup> sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter, from one end of the building. This, my friend said, must proceed from the servants’ hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even encouraged by the squire, throughout <sup>15</sup> the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoc the wild mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snap dragon : the Yule <sup>20</sup> log and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe, with its white berries, hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty ~~house~~ <sup>25</sup> maids.

So intent were the servants upon their sports that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons: one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence; the other an Oxonian, just from the university. The squire was a fine healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance, in which one might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

The family meeting was warm and affectionate; as the evening was far advanced, the squire would not permit us to change our traveling dress, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall.

While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan this apartment.

The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast light and heat; this I understood was

the Yule clog, which the squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.

It was really delightful to see the old squire seated in his hereditary elbow chair, by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is something in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier, before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

20

Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oak chamber, the panels of which shone with wax-work, which were several family portraits.

holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly polished beaufet among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve.

10 I was happy to find my old friend, minced pie, in the retinue of the feast; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an  
15 old and very genteel acquaintance.

The supper had disposed every one to gayety, and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and comforting himself with some  
20 of the squire's good things.

The dance, like most dances after supper, was  
a 1 · some of the older folks joined in  
ire himself figured down several  
artner, with whom he affirmed

he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century.

The party now broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall, on my way to my chamber, the dying embers of the Yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad," I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight, and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the Waits from some neighboring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and aerial, and seemed to take the quiet and moonlight. I listened — they became more and more to



and, as they gradually died away, my head sank upon the pillow, and I fell asleep.

— Adapted from WASHINGTON IRVING: *The Sketch Book*.

## 39

## THE FIRST SNOW-FALL

THE snow had begun in the gloaming,  
And busily all the night,  
Had been heaping field and highway  
With a silence deep and white.

5 Every pine and fir and hemlock  
Wore ermine too dear for an earl,  
And the poorest twig on the elm tree  
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.  
From sheds new-roofed with Carrara  
10 Came Chanticleer's muffled crow,  
The stiff rails were softened to swan's-down;  
And still fluttered down the snow.  
I stood and watched by the window  
The noiseless work of the sky  
15 And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,  
The brown leaves whirling by.

— Abridged from JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

; Car rä'ra, fine, white, Italian marble ;

Tell in what part of our country this storm took place. What time of day is it? Find the words which make you feel *quiet*. What things are moving? Give all your reasons for knowing that there was no wind in this storm. Why did the pines and firs and hemlocks wear *ermine* and the elm twigs wear *pearl*? Name all the words which stand for snow or describe it. Who is Chanticleer? Find all the words which *sound* like the things they describe.

## 40

## SNOWFLAKES

OUT of the bosom of the air,  
 Out of the cloud folds of her garments shaken,  
 Over the woodlands brown and bare,  
 Over the harvest fields forsaken,  
 Silent and soft and slow  
 Descends the snow.

5

This is the poem of the air,  
 Slowly in silent syllables recorded;  
 This is the secret of despair,  
 Long in its cloudy bosom hoarded,  
 Now whispered and revealed  
 To wood and field.

10

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Read this poem, shut your eyes, and let the first stanza give you.



## 41

## THE SNOWSTORM

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky,  
 Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,  
 Seems nowhere to alight; the whited air  
 Hides hills and woods, the river and the heaven,  
 5 And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.  
 The sled and traveler stopped, the courier's feet  
 Del. all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
 In the radiant fireplace, inclosed  
 In the privacy of storm.

—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.<sup>1</sup>

Receding poems are printed by arrangement with

**ra'di ant**, shining ; **tu mult'u ous**, stormy.

Compare this poem with Lowell's *First Snow-fall* and Longfellow's *Snowflakes*. Which describes the severest storm? Compare these descriptions with the following, adapted from Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales* :—

There is snow in yonder cold gray sky of the morning!—and, through the partially frosted window panes, I love to watch the gradual beginning of the storm. A few feathery flakes are scattered widely through the air, and hover downward with uncertain flight, now almost alighting on the earth, now whirled again aloft into remote regions of the atmosphere. These are not the big flakes, heavy with moisture, which melt as they touch the ground, and are portentous of a soaking rain. It is to be, in good earnest, a wintry storm. The two or three people visible on the sidewalks have an aspect of endurance, a blue-nosed frosty fortitude, as if expecting a comfortless and blustering day. By nightfall, or by morning, the street and our little garden will be heaped with mountain snow-drifts ; and, to a northern eye, the landscape will lose its melancholy bleakness, and acquire a beauty of its own, when Mother Nature has put on the fleecy garb of



42

## A VISIT FROM SAINT NICHOLAS

'Twas the night before Christmas,  
when all through the house,  
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.  
The stockings were hung by the chimney with  
care,  
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be  
there.

5 The children were nestled all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar plums danced in their  
heads;  
And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,  
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's

---

the lawn there arose such a clatter,  
bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash,  
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,  
Gave a luster of midday to objects below ;  
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear, 5  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer.  
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.  
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,  
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by  
name : 10

“Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and  
Vixen!

On! Comet, on! Cupid, on! Donder and Blitzen—  
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall,  
Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!”  
As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly 15  
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the  
sky,

So, up to the house top the coursers they flew,  
With a sleigh full of toys—and Saint Nicholas  
too.

And then, in a twinkling, I heard on  
The prancing and pawing of each

As I drew in my head and was turning around,  
Down the chimney Saint Nicholas came with a  
bound;  
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his  
foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and  
soot;



5 A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,  
And he looked like a peddler just opening his  
pack.  
6 how they twinkled! his dimples, how

7 the roses, his nose like a cherry:

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,  
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.  
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.  
He had a broad face and a little round belly 5  
That shook when he laughed, like a bowlful of  
jelly.

He was chubby and plump — a right jolly old elf,  
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself;  
A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head,  
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. 10  
He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a  
jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose,  
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.  
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle, 15  
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.  
But I heard him exclaim, ere they drove out of  
sight,

“Happy Christmas to all, and to all a good  
night!”

— CLEMENT

**min'i a ture**, small, tiny; **ob'sta cle**, some  
**hur'ri cane**, a violent wind storm.



## 43

## A CHRISTMAS REVERIE

I HAVE been looking on, this evening, at a merry company of children assembled around that pretty German toy, a Christmas tree.

Being now at home again, and alone, the only person in the house awake, my thoughts are drawn back, by a fascination which I do not care to resist, to my own childhood. Straight in the middle of the room, cramped in the freedom of its growth by no encircling walls or soon-reached ceiling, a shadowy tree arises; and, looking up into the dreamy brightness of its top, — for I observe in this tree the singular property that it appears to grow downward toward the earth, — I look into my youngest Christmas recollections.

All toys at first, I find. But upon the branches of the tree, lower down, how thick the books begin to hang! Thin books in themselves, at first, but, many of them, with deliciously smooth covers of red or green. What fat, black letters to

“or, and shot a frog.” Of course

he was. He was an apple pie also, and there he is! He was a good many things in his time, was A, and so were most of his friends, except X, who had so little versatility that I never knew him to get beyond Xerxes or Xantippe: like Y, who was always confined to a yacht or yew tree; and Z, condemned forever to be a zebra or a zany.

But now the very tree itself changes, and becomes a bean stalk, — the marvelous bean stalk by which Jack climbed up to the giant's house. Jack, — how noble, with his sword of sharpness and his shoes of swiftness!

Good for Christmas time is the ruddy color of the cloak in which, the tree making a forest of itself for her to trip through with her basket, Little Red Riding Hood comes to me one Christmas eve, to give me information of the treachery and cruelty of that dissembling wolf who ate her grandmother, without making any impression on his appetite, and then ate her, after making that ferocious joke about his teeth. She was my first love. I felt that if I could have married Red Riding Hood, I should have known bliss. But it was not to be, and

ing for it but to look out the wolf in the Noah's ark there, and put him in the late procession on the table, as a monster who was to be degraded.

O the wonderful Noah's ark! It was not found  
5 seaworthy when put in a washing tub, and the animals were crammed in at the roof, and needed to have their legs well shaken down before they could be got in even there; and then ten to one they began to tumble out at the door, which was but im-  
10 perfectly fastened with a wire latch; but what was that against it?

Consider the noble fly, a size or two smaller than the elephant; the ladybird, the butterfly, — all triumphs of art! Consider the goose, whose feet  
15 were so small and whose balance was so indifferent that he usually tumbled forward and knocked down all the animal creation! Consider Noah and his family, like idiotic tobacco stoppers; and how the leopard stuck to small fingers; and how the tails  
20 of the larger animals used gradually to resolve themselves into frayed bits of string.

' Again a forest, and somebody up in a  
Robin Hood, not Valentine, not the  
† have passed him and all Mother

Bunch's wonders without mention, — but an Eastern king with a glittering scimitar and turban. It is the setting-in of the bright Arabian Nights.

O, now all common things become uncommon and enchanted to me! All lamps are wonderful! 5 All rings are talismans! Common flower pots are full of treasure, with a little earth scattered on the top; trees are for Ali Baba to hide in; beefsteaks are to throw down into the Valley of Diamonds, that the precious stones may stick to them, and be 10 carried by the eagles to their nests, whence the traders, with loud cries, will scare them.

Any iron ring let into stone is the entrance to a cave which only waits for the magician, and the little fire, and the necromancy, that will make 15 the earth shake. All the dates imported come from the same tree as that unlucky date, with whose shell the merchant knocked out the eye of the genii's invisible son. All olives are of the stock of that fresh fruit, concerning which the 20 Commander of the Faithful overheard the conduct the fictitious trial of the fraudulent merchant; all apples are akin to the chased (with two others) from

dener for three sequins, and which the tall black slave stole from the child. All dogs are associated with the dog, really a transformed man, who jumped upon the baker's counter, and put  
5 his paw on the piece of bad money. My very rocking-horse, — there he is, with his nostrils turned completely inside-out, indicative of Blood! — should have a peg in his neck, by virtue thereof to fly away with me, as the wooden  
10 horse did with the Prince of Persia, in the sight of all his father's Court. Yes, on every object that I recognize among those upper branches of my Christmas tree I see this fairy light.

Still, on the lower and maturer branches of  
15 the Tree, Christmas associations cluster thick. School-books shut up; the Rule of Three, with its cool impertinent inquiries, long disposed of; cricket bats, stumps, and balls, left higher up, with the smell of trodden grass and the softened  
noise of shouts in the evening air; the tree is  
fresh, still gay. If I no more come home at  
time, there will be boys and girls  
!) while the world lasts; and they  
y dance and play upon the

branches of my Tree, God bless them, merrily, and my heart dances and plays too!

Now, the tree is decorated with bright merriment, and song, and dance, and cheerfulness. And they are welcome. Innocent and welcome <sup>5</sup> be they ever held, beneath the branches of the Christmas Tree, which cast no gloomy shadow!

—CHARLES DICKENS.

**en cir'cling**, surrounding; **ver sa til'i ty**, the power of doing many things; **dis sem'bling**, deceitful; **fe ro'cious**, fierce, savage; **de grād'ed**, base, low; **sea'wor'thy**, fit for the water; **in dif'fer ent**, uncertain, unsure; **id i ot'ic**, silly, foolish; **scim'i tar** (sim), a short, curved sword of Eastern origin; **tal'is man**, an object with the power of working a spell or charm (as Aladdin's lamp); **ge'ni i**, spirits in Eastern tales; **in vis'i ble**, that cannot be seen; **tobacco stopper**, a small piece of wood used to push the tobacco down in the pipe; **Robin Hood**, see the stories coming later in this book; **Valentine** and the **Yellow Dwarf** are heroes of old tales written for children.

**Language Study: Dictation Exercise.** — Copy and study paragraph 1, page 208, until you can write it from dictation.

How many different marks of punctuation may study?

## 44

## JACK FROST

THE Frost looked forth on a still, clear night,  
And whispered, "Now, I shall be out of sight;  
So, through the valley, and over the height,  
In silence I'll take my way.

5 I will not go on like that blustering train,  
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,  
That make such a bustle and noise in vain;  
But I'll be as busy as they!"

So he flew to the mountain, and powdered its crest,  
10 He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed  
With diamonds and pearls; and over the breast  
Of the quivering lake, he spread  
A coat of mail, that it need not fear  
The glittering point of many a spear  
15 Which he hung on its margin, far and near,  
Where a rock could rear its head.

+ to the window of those who slept,  
Wh pane like a fairy crept:  
Hatched, wherever he stepped,

By the morning light were seen  
 Most beautiful things! — there were flowers and  
     trees,  
 There were beves of birds and swarms of bees;  
 There were cities and temples and towers; and these  
     All pictured in silvery sheen!

5

But he did one thing that was hardly fair, —  
 He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there  
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare.

“Now, just to set them a-thinking,  
 I’ll bite this basket of fruit,” said he,  
 “And this costly pitcher I’ll burst in three!  
 And the glass of water they’ve left for me,  
     Shall ‘tchick’ to tell them I’m drinking.”

10

— HANNAH F. GOULD.

**Train**, group; **bêv’ies**, swarms.

On what sort of night did the frost come?  
 In what way is the frost to be “busy”?  
 Explain lines 10 and 11, page 212.  
 What is the “coat of mail,” in line 13, page 212?  
 What are the “spears” which he “hung on its end”?  
 What work of his made him seem “like a fa-  
 What *real* things do the first five lines on  
 Explain the third line of the last star



## 45

## THE SPELLING MATCH

EMMY LOU began to learn. As weeks went by, now and then, Emmy Lou bobbed up a place, although, sooner or later, she slipped back. She was not always at the foot.

5 But no one, not even Dear Teacher, who understood so much, realized one thing. The day after a lesson Emmy Lou knew it. On the day it was recited, Emmy Lou had lacked sufficient time to grasp it.

10 With ten words in the spelling lesson, Emmy Lou listened, letter by letter, to those ten droned out five times down the line, then twice again around the class of fifty. Then Emmy Lou, having already labored faithfully over it, knew her  
15 spelling lesson.

And at home it was Emmy Lou's joy to gather her doll children in line, and, giving out past lessons, recite them for her children. And so did she know by heart her Second Reader which had gone; she often gave the book upside down. And an old

battered doll, dearest to Emmy Lou's heart, was always head, and Hattie, the newest doll, was next.

It was late in the year when a rumor ran around the Second Reader room. The trustees were coming that day to visit the school. 5

Emmy Lou wondered what trustees were. She asked Hattie. Hattie explained: "They are men in black clothes. You daren't move in your seat. They're something like ministers." Hattie knew everything. 10

"Will they come here, in our room?" asked Emmy Lou. It was terrible to be at the front desk. Emmy Lou remembered the music man. He still pointed his bow at her on Fridays.

"Of course," said Hattie; "comp'ny always comes to our room." 15

Which was true, for Dear Teacher's room was different. Dear Teacher's room seemed always ready, and the principal brought company to it accordingly.

It was after recess they came—the principal the trustee (there was just one trustee), a young gentleman.

There was a hush as they filed right. It was like minister

was in black, with a white tie. So was the trustee. He rubbed his hands and bowed to the Second Reader class. And the visiting gentleman was in black, with a shiny black hat.

5 The trustee was a big man, and his face was red, and when urged by the principal to address the Second Reader class, his face grew redder.

The trustee waved his hand toward the visiting gentleman. "Mr. Hammel, children, the Hon.  
10 Samuel S. Hammel, a citizen with whose name you are all, I am sure, familiar." And then the trustee, mopping his face, got behind the visiting gentleman and the principal.

The visiting gentleman stood forth. He was a  
15 short, little man,—a little, round man,—whose feet were so far back beneath his waist line that he looked like nothing so much as one of Uncle Charlie's pouter pigeons.

He was a smiling-and-bowing little man, and he put his fat hand playfully, and in it a shining

her seemed taller and very far off.

ched Dear Teacher anxiously.

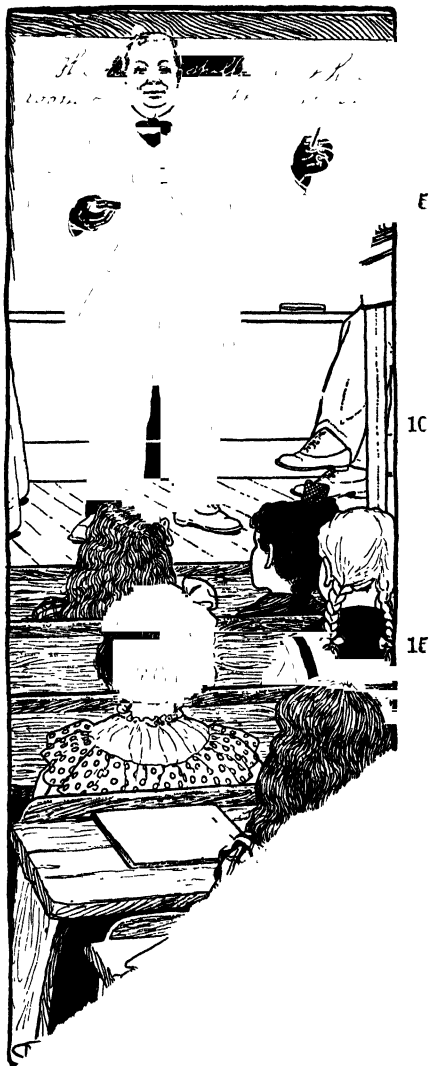
Dear Teacher was troubled.

The visiting gentleman began to speak. He called the class "dear children," and "mothers of a coming generation," and "molders of the future welfare." . . .

Then, as if struck by a happy thought, he turned to the black-board. He looked about for chalk. The principal supplied him. Fashioned by his fat, white hand, these words sprawled themselves upon the black-board: —

"The best speller in this room is to recieve this medal."

There was silence. Then the Second Reader class moved. It breathed a long breath. . . .



Dear Teacher took the book. She stood on the platform apart from the gentlemen, and gave out the words distinctly but very quietly. Emmy Lou felt that Dear Teacher was troubled. Emmy Lou  
5 thought it was because Dear Teacher was afraid the poor spellers were going to miss. She made up her mind that she would not miss.

Dear Teacher began with the words on the first page and went forward. Emmy Lou could tell  
10 the next word to come each time, for she knew her Second Reader by heart as far as the class had gone. She stood up when her time came and spelled her word. Her word was "wrong." She spelled it right. Dear Teacher looked pleased.  
15 There was a time when Emmy Lou had been given to leaving off the introductory "w" as superfluous.

On the next round a little girl above Emmy missed on "enough." To her phonetic un-  
ing, a *u* and two *f*'s were equivalent to

spelled it right and went up one.  
went to her seat. She was no  
he was in tears.

Presently a little girl far up the line arose to spell.

"Right, to do right," said Dear Teacher.

"W-r-i-t-e, right," said the little girl promptly.

"R-i-t-e, right," said the next little girl. 5

The third stood up with triumph. In spelling, the complicated is the surest, reasoned this little girl.

"W-r-i-g-h-t, right," spelled the certain little girl; then burst into tears. 10

The mothers of the future grew demoralized. The pillars of state of English orthography at least seemed destined to totter. The spelling grew wild.

"R-i-t, right."

"W-r-i-t, right." 15

Then in the desperation of sheer hopelessness came "w-r-i-t-e, right," again.

There were tears all along the line. At the wits' end, the mothers, dissolving as they turned, shook their heads hopelessly.

Emily Lou stood up. She knew the word was in a column of three c could see it. She looked unquiet and pale, on the pla

“R,” said Emmy Lou, steadily, “i-g-h-t, right.”

A long line of weeping mothers went to their seats, and Emmy Lou moved up past the middle of the bench.

5 The words were now more complicated. The nerves of the mothers had been shaken by this last strain. Little girls dropped out rapidly. The foot moved on up toward the head, until there came a pink spot on Dear Teacher’s either cheek.  
10 For some reason Dear Teacher’s head began to hold itself finely erect again.

“Beaux,” said Dear Teacher.

The little girl next the head stood up. She missed. She burst into audible weeping. Nerves  
15 were giving out along the line. It went wildly down. Emmy Lou\* was the last. Emmy Lou stood up. It was the first word of a column on  
re 22. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked  
r Teacher.

id Emmy Lou, “e-a-u-x.”

ening mothers had gone to their  
and Emmy Lou were left.

nphantly. Emmy Lou spelled  
Teacher’s voice showed a



"EMMY LOU"



touch of the strain. She gave out half a dozen words. Then "receive," said Dear Teacher.

It was Kitty's turn. Kitty stood up. Dear Teacher's back was to the blackboard. The trustee and the visiting gentleman were also facing the class. Kitty's eyes, as she stood up, were on the board.

"The best speller in this room is to receive this medal,"

was the assurance on the board.

10 Kitty tossed her little head. "R-e, re, c-i-e-v-e, ceive, receive," spelled Kitty, her eyes on the blackboard.

"Wrong."

Emmy Lou stood up. It was the second word 15 in a column on a picture page. Emmy Lou could see it. She looked at Dear Teacher.

R-e, re, c-e-i-v-e, ceive, receive," said Emmy

on besides Kitty had noted the black-  
board the principal was passing an eraser  
of the visiting gentleman.

cheeks were pink as Emmy  
Lou to receive the medal.

And her head was finely erect. She held Emmy Lou's hand through it all.

— Adapted from GEORGE MADDEN MARTIN: *Emmy Lou*.<sup>1</sup>

re'al ized, knew, understood; suf fi'cient, enough; ac cord'ing ly, therefore; pho net'ic, going by sounds; e quiv'a lent, equal; com'pli ca ted, tangled, difficult; de mor'al ized, upset, unnerved; or thog'ra phy, spelling; dis solv'ing, melting; au'di ble, that can be heard; in ter ven'ing, standing between.

## 46

## THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

THE breaking waves dashed high

On a stern and rockbound coast,

And the woods against a stormy sky

Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark

5

The hills and waters o'er,

When a band of exiles moored their bark

On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,

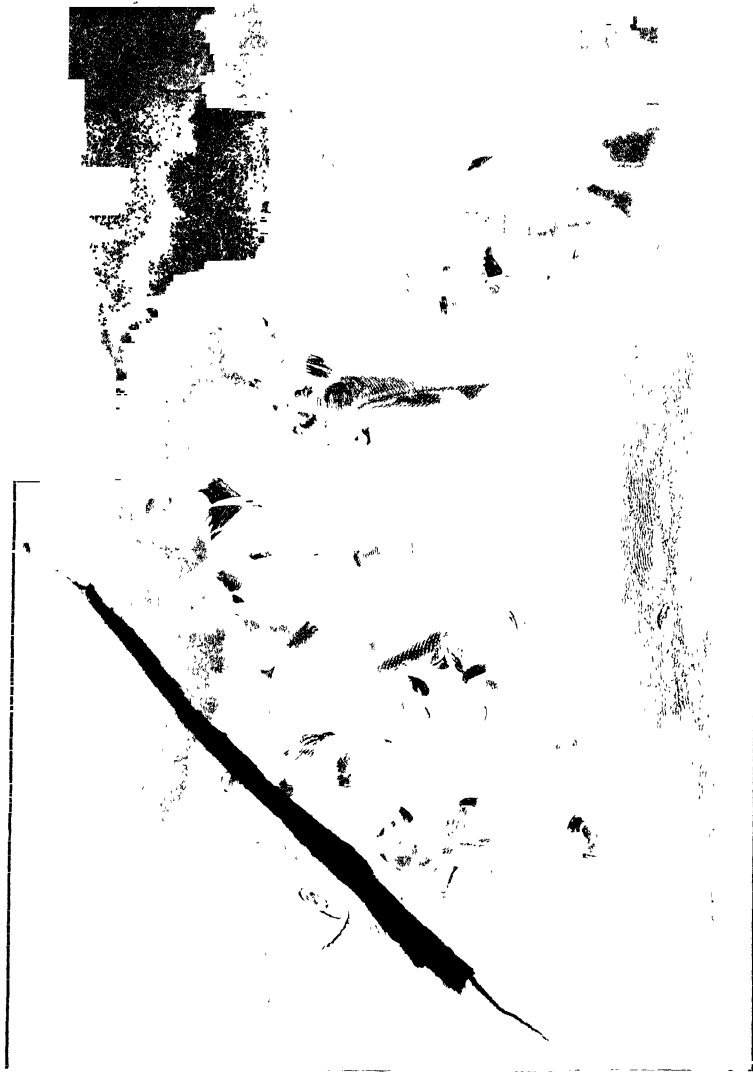
They, the true-hearted, came,

10

Not with the roll of stirring drums

And the trumpet that speaks of fame.

<sup>1</sup> By courtesy of McClure, Phillips & Co.



THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS

Not as the flying come,  
In silence, and in fear;  
They shook the depths of the desert gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

5 Amid the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard, and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean eagle soared  
10 From his nest by the white wave's foam;  
And the rocking pine of the forest roared, —  
This was their welcome home.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
15 The wealth of seas; the spoils of war? —  
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod;  
They left unstained what there they found —  
20 Freedom to worship God.

**ex'iles**, people driven from their native land ; **moor**, to fasten ; **bark**, a vessel ; **aisle** (île), a straight passage between rows of seats in a church ; here used of avenues in a forest ; **an'thems**, hymns of praise to God.

Read the poem silently, then ask any questions about parts you do not understand. Then read the poem aloud.

Notice the pictures : —

Stormy beach.

Wind-tossed trees.

Dark, stormy sky.

Heavy night.

*Mayflower* at anchor.

What sounds do you hear in the poem ? Read the line which tells why the Puritans came. How does the author feel toward them ? Why ?

Commit this poem to memory.

## 47

### THE SUNKEN TREASURE

PICTURE to yourselves, my dear children, a handsome, old-fashioned room, with a large, open cupboard at one end, in which is displayed a magnificent gold cup, with some other splendid  
5 articles of gold and silver plate. In another part of the room, opposite to a tall looking-glass, stands our beloved chair, newly polished, and adorned

with a gorgeous cushion of crimson velvet tufted with gold.

In the chair sits a man of strong and sturdy frame, whose face has been roughened by northern tempests and blackened by the burning sun of 5



the West Indies. He wears an immense periwig flowing down over his shoulders. His coat has a wide embroidery of golden foliage, and his waistcoat likewise is all flowered over and bedizened with gold. His red, rough hands, which have 10 done many a good day's work with the hammer

and the adze, are half covered by the delicate lace ruffles at his wrists. On a table lies his silver-hilted sword, and in a corner of the room stands his gold-headed cane, made of a beautifully polished West India wood.

Somewhat such an aspect as this did Sir William Phipps present when he sat in Grandfather's Chair after the king had appointed him governor of Massachusetts. Truly, there was need that the old chair should be varnished and decorated with a crimson cushion in order to make it suitable for such a magnificent-looking personage.

But Sir William Phipps had not always worn a gold-embroidered coat, nor always sat so much at his ease as he did in Grandfather's Chair. He was a poor man's son, and was born in the province of Maine, where he used to tend sheep upon the hills in his boyhood and youth. Until he had grown to be a man he did not even know how to read and write. Tired of tending sheep, he apprenticed himself to a ship carpenter, and spent about four years in hewing the crooked limbs of oak trees into knees for vessels.

In 1673, when he was twenty-two years old, he

came to Boston, and soon afterward was married to a widow who had property enough to set him up in business. It was not long, however, before he lost all this money and became a poor man again. Still he was not discouraged. He often told his wife that some time or other he should be very rich, and would build a "fair brick house" in the Green Lane of Boston.

Do not suppose, children, that he had been to a fortune teller to inquire his destiny. It was his own energy and spirit of enterprise, and his resolution to lead an industrious life that made him look forward with so much confidence to better days.

Several years passed away, and William Phipps had not gained the riches which he promised to himself. During this time he had begun to follow the sea for a living. In the year 1684 he happened to hear of a Spanish ship which had been cast away near the Bahama Islands, and which was supposed to contain a great deal of gold and silver. Phipps went to the place in a small vessel, hoping that he should be able to recover some of the treasure from the wreck. He did not succeed,



however, in fishing up gold and silver enough to pay the expenses of his voyage.

But before he returned he was told of another Spanish ship, or galleon, which had been cast  
5 away near Porto de la Plata. She had now lain as much as fifty years beneath the waves. This old ship had been laden with immense wealth, and hitherto nobody had thought of the possibility of recovering any part of it from the deep sea which  
10 was rolling and tossing it about. But though it was now an old story, and the most aged people had forgotten that such a vessel had been wrecked, William Phipps resolved that the sunken treasure should again be brought to light.

15 He went to London and obtained admittance to King James, who had not yet been driven from his throne. He told the king of the vast wealth that was lying at the bottom of the sea. King James listened with attention, and thought this a  
20 fine opportunity to fill his treasury with Spanish gold. He appointed William Phipps to be captain of a vessel called the *Rose Algier*, carrying eighteen guns and ninety-five men. So now he was Captain Phipps of the English navy.

Captain Phipps sailed from England in the *Rose Algier*, and cruised for nearly a year in the West Indies, endeavoring to find the wreck of the Spanish ship. But the sea is so wide and deep that it is no easy matter to discover the exact spot where a sunken vessel lies. The prospect of success seemed very small, and most people would have thought that Captain Phipps was as far from having money enough to build a "fair brick house" as he was while he tended sheep.

The seamen of the *Rose Algier* became discouraged, and gave up all hope of making their fortunes by discovering the Spanish wreck. They wanted to compel Captain Phipps to turn pirate. There was a much better prospect, they thought, of growing rich by plundering vessels which still sailed in the sea, than by seeking for a ship that had lain beneath the waves full half a century. They broke out in open mutiny, but were finally mastered by Phipps, and compelled to obey his orders. It would have been dangerous, however, to continue much longer at sea with such a crew of mutinous sailors, and, besides, the *Rose Algier*

was leaky and unseaworthy ; so Captain Phipps judged it best to return to England.

Before leaving the West Indies he met with a Spaniard, an old man, who remembered the wreck  
5 of the Spanish ship, and gave him directions how to find the very spot. It was on a reef of rocks a few leagues from Porto de la Plata.

On his arrival in England, therefore, Captain Phipps solicited the king to let him have another  
10 vessel, and send him back again to the West Indies. But King James, who had probably expected that the *Rose Algier* would return laden with gold, refused to have anything more to do with the affair.

15 Phipps might never have been able to renew the search, if the Duke of Albemarle and some other noblemen had not lent their assistance. They fitted out a ship and gave the command to Captain Phipps. He sailed from England and arrived  
20 safely at Porto de la Plata, where he took an adze and assisted his men to build a large boat.

The boat was intended for the purpose of going closer to the reef of rocks than a large vessel could safely venture. When it was finished, the

captain sent several men in it to examine the spot where the Spanish ship was said to have been wrecked. They were accompanied by some Indians who were skillful divers, and could go down a great way in the depths of the sea. 5

The boat's crew proceeded to the reef of rocks, and rowed round and round it a great many times. They gazed down into the water, which was so transparent that it seemed as if they could have seen the gold and silver at the bottom, had there 10 been any of the precious metals there. Nothing, however, could they see — nothing more valuable than a curious sea shrub which was growing beneath the water in a crevice of the reef of rocks. It flaunted to and fro with the swell and reflux of 15 the waves, and looked as bright and beautiful as if its leaves were gold.

“We won't go back empty-handed,” cried an English sailor; and then he spoke to one of the Indian divers: “Dive down and bring me that 20 pretty sea shrub there. That's the only treasure we shall find.”

Down plunged the diver, and soon rose, dripping from the water, holding the sea shrub in his

hand. But he had learned some news at the bottom of the sea.

“There are some ship’s guns,” said he, the moment he had drawn breath, “some great cannon  
5 among the rocks near where the shrub was growing.”

No sooner had he spoken than the English sailors knew that they had found the very spot where the Spanish galleon had been wrecked so  
10 many years before. The other Indian divers immediately plunged over the boat’s side, and swam headlong down, groping among the rocks and sunken cannon. In a few moments one of them  
15 rose above the water with a heavy lump of silver in his arms. The single lump was worth more than a thousand dollars. The sailors took it into the boat, and then rowed back as speedily as they could, being in haste to inform Captain Phipps of their good luck.

20 But, confidently as the captain had hoped to find the Spanish wreck, yet, now that it was really found, the news seemed too good to be true. He could not believe it till the sailors showed him the lump of silver.



THE FINDING OF THE TREASURE

“Thanks be to God!” then cried Captain Phipps.  
“We shall every man of us make our fortunes!”

Hereupon the captain and all the crew set to work with iron rakes and great hooks and lines, fishing for gold and silver at the bottom of the sea. Up came the treasure in abundance. Now they beheld a table of gold and silver, once the property of an old Spanish grandee. Now they found a sacramental vessel which had been destined as a gift to some Catholic church. Now they drew up a golden cup fit for the King of Spain to drink his wine out of. Perhaps the bony hand of its former owner had been grasping the precious cup, and was drawn up along with it. Now their rakes or fishing lines were loaded with masses of silver bullion. There were also precious stones among the treasure, glittering and sparkling, so that it is a wonder how their radiance could have been concealed.

There is something sad and terrible in the idea of snatching all this wealth from the devouring ocean, which had possessed it for such a length of years. It seems as if men had no right to make themselves rich with it. It ought to have

been left with the skeletons of the ancient Spaniards who had been drowned when the ship was wrecked, and whose bones were now scattered among the gold and silver.

But Captain Phipps and his crew were troubled <sup>5</sup> with no such thoughts as these. After a day or two, they lighted on another part of the wreck, where they found a great many bags of silver dollars. But nobody could have guessed that these were money bags. By remaining so long <sup>10</sup> in the salt water, they had been covered over with a crust which had the appearance of stone, so that it was necessary to break them in pieces with hammers and axes. When this was done, a stream of silver dollars gushed out upon the deck of the <sup>15</sup> vessel.

The whole value of the recovered treasure — plate, bullion, precious stones, and all — was estimated at more than two millions of dollars. It was dangerous even to look at such a vast amount <sup>20</sup> of wealth. A sea captain who had assisted Phipps in the enterprise utterly lost his reason at the sight of it. He died two years afterward, still raving about the treasures that lie at the bottom



of the sea. It would have been better for this man if he had left the skeletons of the shipwrecked Spaniards in quiet possession of their wealth.

Captain Phipps and his men continued to fish  
5 up plate, bullion, and dollars as plentifully as ever,  
till their provisions grew short. Then, as they  
could not feed upon gold and silver any more  
than old King Midas could, they found it neces-  
sary to go in search of better sustenance. Phipps  
10 resolved to return to England. He arrived there  
in 1687, and was received with great joy by the  
Duke of Albemarle and other English lords who  
had fitted out the vessel. Well they might re-  
joice, for they took by far the greater part of the  
15 treasure to themselves.

The captain's share, however, was enough to  
make him comfortable for the rest of his days. It  
also enabled him to fulfill his promise to his wife,  
by building a "fair brick house" in the Green  
20 Lane of Boston. The Duke of Albemarle sent  
Mrs. Phipps a magnificent gold cup worth at least  
five thousand dollars. Before Captain Phipps left  
London, King James made him a knight; so that,  
instead of the obscure ship carpenter who had

formerly dwelt among them, the inhabitants of Boston welcomed him on his return as the rich and famous Sir William Phipps.

— FROM NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE: *Grandfather's Chair*.

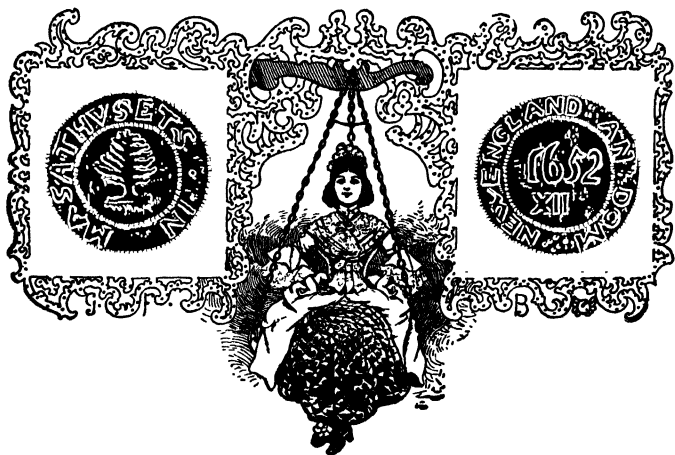
gor'geous, splendid, highly colored ; per'i wig, a large wig ; fo'li age, leaves ; be diz'ened, gaily or flashily ornamented ; des'ti ny, that which must happen ; en'ter prise, courage, confidence ; gal'le on, a kind of large ship ; en deav'or, to try ; mu'ti ny, rebellion against an officer ; so lic'it, to beg ; crev'-ice, a crack ; sac ra ment'al, devoted to the sacrament, a religious service ; des'tined, intended ; bul'lion, silver or gold in the mass ; King Mi'das, who turned whatever he touched into gold.

**Review of Use of Capitals.** — After reading this story, select and write in a column all the words which begin with a capital, and think why they are so written.

**Written Exercise.** — Tell in your own words about one of the following parts of the story of *The Sunken Treasure*: —

1. The early life of William Phipps.
2. His unsuccessful attempts to find the treasure.
3. The finding of the treasure.

Robert Louis Stevenson has written a very interesting story of a search for treasure that was hidden by pirates. The story is called *Treasure Island*.



## 48

## THE PINE-TREE SHILLINGS

CAPTAIN JOHN HULL was the mint-master of Massachusetts, and coined all the money that was made there. This was a new line of business; for, in the earlier days of the colony, the money consisted only of gold and silver coin of England, Portugal, and Spain.

For instance, if a man wanted to buy a coat, he perhaps exchanged a bearskin for it. If he wished for a barrel of molasses, he might purchase it with a pile of pine boards. Musket bullets

were used instead of farthings. The Indians had a sort of money, called wampum, which was made of clam shells, and this strange sort of specie was taken in payment of debts by the English settlers. Bank bills had never been heard of. There was <sup>5</sup> not money enough of any kind, in many parts of the country, to pay the salaries of the ministers; so that they sometimes had to take quintals of fish, bushels of corn, or cords of wood, instead of silver and gold. 10

As the people grew more numerous, and their trade with one another increased, the want of money was still greater. To supply the demand, the general court passed a law for establishing a coinage of shillings, sixpences, and threepences. <sup>15</sup> Captain John Hull was chosen to manufacture this money, and was to have about one shilling out of every twenty to pay him for the trouble of making them.

Hereupon all the silver in the colony was handed <sup>20</sup> over to Captain John Hull. The battered silver cans, I suppose, and silver buckles, and broken spoons, and silver buttons from worn-out coats, and silver hilts of swords that had figured at

court, — all such curious old articles were doubtless thrown into the melting pot together. But by far the greater part of the silver consisted of bullion from the mines of South America, which  
5 the English buccaneers — who were little better than pirates — had taken from the Spaniards, and brought to Massachusetts.

All this old and new silver being melted down and coined, the result was an immense amount  
10 of splendid shillings, sixpences, and threepences. Each had the date 1652 on the one side, and the figure of a pine tree on the other. Hence they were called pine-tree shillings. And for every  
20 twenty shillings that he coined, you will remember, Captain John Hull was entitled to put one  
15 shilling into his own pocket.

The magistrates soon began to suspect that the mint-master would have the best of the bargain. They offered him a large sum of money if he  
20 would but give up that twentieth shilling, but he declared himself perfectly satisfied. And well he might be; for so diligently did he labor, that, in a few years, his pockets, his money bags, and his strong box were overflowing with pine-tree shil-

lings. This was probably the case when he came into possession of Grandfather's Chair: and as he had worked so hard at the mint, it was certainly proper that he should have a comfortable chair to rest himself in. 5

When the mint-master had grown very rich, a young man, Samuel Sewell by name, came a-court-  
ing his only daughter.

His daughter—whose name I do not know, but we will call her Betsy—was a fine hearty 10  
damsel, by no means so slender as some young ladies of our own day. On the contrary, having always fed heartily on pumpkin pies, doughnuts, Indian puddings, and other Puritan dainties, she was as round and plump as a pudding herself. 15  
With this round, rosy Miss Betsy, did Samuel Sewell fall in love. As he was a young man of good character, industrious habits, and a member of the church, the mint-master very readily gave his consent. 20

“Yes, you may take her,” said he in his rough way; “and you’ll find her a heavy burden enough.”

On the wedding day, we may suppose that

honest John Hull dressed himself in a plum-colored coat, all the buttons of which were made of pine-tree shillings. The buttons of his waistcoat were sixpences; and the knees of his small-clothes were buttoned with silver threepences. Thus attired, he sat with great dignity in Grandfather's Chair, and, being a portly old gentleman, he completely filled it from elbow to elbow.

On the opposite side of the room, between her 10 bridesmaids, sat Miss Betsy. She was blushing with all her might, and looked like a full-blown peony or a great red apple.

There, too, was the bridegroom, dressed in a fine purple coat and gold lace waistcoat, with as 15 much other finery as the Puritan laws and customs would allow him to put on. His hair was cropped close to his head, because Governor Endicott had forbidden any man to wear it below the ears. But he was a very personable young man; and 20 so thought the bridesmaids and Miss Betsy herself.

The mint-master, also, was pleased with his new son-in-law, especially as he had courted Miss Betsy out of pure love, and had said nothing at

all about her portion. So, when the marriage ceremony was over, Captain Hull whispered a word to two of his menservants, who immediately went out, and soon returned, lugging in a large pair of scales. They were such a pair as whole-<sup>5</sup> sale merchants use for weighing bulky commodities, and quite a bulky commodity was now to be weighed in them.

“Daughter Betsy,” said the mint-master, “get into one side of these scales.”<sup>10</sup>

Miss Betsy — or Mrs. Sewell, as we must now call her — did as she was bid, like a dutiful child, without any question of the why or wherefore. But what her father could mean, unless to make her husband pay for her by the pound (in which<sup>15</sup> case she would have been a dear bargain), she had not the least idea.

“And now,” said honest John Hull to the servants, “bring that box hither.”

The box to which the mint-master pointed was<sup>20</sup> a huge, square, iron-bound, oaken chest; it was big enough, my children, for all four of you to play at hide-and-seek in. The servants tugged with might and main, but could not lift this



enormous receptacle, and were finally obliged to drag it across the floor.

Captain Hull then took a key from his girdle, unlocked the chest, and lifted its ponderous lid. Behold! it was full to the brim of bright pine-tree shillings, fresh from the mint; and Samuel Sewell began to think that his father-in-law had got possession of all the money in the Massachusetts treasury.

But it was only the mint-master's honest share of the coinage.

Then the servants, at Captain Hull's command, heaped double handfuls of shillings into one side of the scales, while Betsy remained in the other. Jingle, jingle, went the shillings, as handful after handful was thrown in, till, plump and ponderous as she was, they fairly weighed the young lady from the floor.

"There, son Sewell!" cried the honest mint-master, resuming his seat in grandfather's chair, "take these shillings for my daughter's portion. Use her kindly, and thank Heaven for her. It is not every wife that's worth her weight in silver!"

**spé'cie**, coin ; **quin'tal**, a weight of one hundred pounds ; **buc ca neer'**, a pirate ; **mag'is trate**, a ruler ; **per'son a ble**, good-looking ; **com mod'i ties**, goods ; **ē norm'ous**, very great ; **re-cep'ta cle**, a vessel or box in which something is held ; **pon'der ous**, heavy.

**Language Study: Dictation Exercise.** — Copy and study paragraphs 2 and 3 on page 245, so that you can write them from dictation.

What marks of punctuation do you have to think about here ?

**Possession and the Apostrophe: Oral Exercise.** — Read the following sentences : —

1. The oriole's nest hangs in the elm tree.
2. In the currant bush is a sparrow's nest.
3. The phœbe's nest is built in the gable of Mr. Turner's house.

Find four *apostrophes* in these sentences. The words containing the apostrophes show what ? Who owns the nest in each case ? Who owns the house ?

In writing, ownership or possession is often shown by adding an apostrophe and *s*. If the owners are more than one, and the name ends in *s*, the apostrophe only is added.

For example : —

A bird owns a nest.	The bird's nest.
Two birds own a nest.	The birds' nest.
The mouse owns some cheese.	The mouse's cheese.
Three mice own some cheese.	The mice's cheese.

*Written Exercise.* — Copy the following sentences : —

1. The squirrels have bushy tails.
2. The raccoon has a striped tail.
3. The kitten has long whiskers.
4. The girls own a playhouse.
5. The boys have new skates.
6. The house has large windows.

Change and write these sentences so that squirrels, raccoon, kitten, girls, boys, and house show the ownership.

For example : —

1. The squirrels' tails are bushy.

Copy and punctuate the following sentences from *A Christmas Eve in Old England*.

1. The postboy rang a large porter's bell.
2. Her husband was keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall.
3. The dog looked fondly up in his master's face.
4. He comforted himself with some of the squire's good things.

In *The First Snow-fall*, page 198; *The Snowstorm*, page 200; *The Pied Piper*, page 132, find and copy the lines which have possessive words.

**Further Study of the Apostrophe.** — In Charles Dickens' *Christmas Reverie*, page 209, find and copy all the words which show possession.

Use these words in written sentences of your own. Be sure you use the apostrophe correctly.

**Possession.** — The following words are taken from *Little John*, page 265, and *Robin Hood and King Richard*, page 271. Use at least eight of them in sentences so that they show possession : —

*King Richard, Robin, men, messenger, servant, master, green-wood, Little John, arrow, quiver, stranger, stream.*

**Dictation.** — From which story in this book are the following sentences taken? Copy and study them until you can write them from dictation, noticing especially the possessive words and uses of the comma : —

Now imagine yourselves, my dear children, in Master Ezekiel Cheever's schoolroom.

It is a winter's day when we take our peep into the schoolroom.

A rod of birch is hanging over the fireplace, and a heavy ferule lies on the master's desk.

Some of these boys will upheave the blacksmith's hammer ; others will drive the plane over the carpenter's bench.

Thwack ! thwack ! thwack ! In these good old times a schoolmaster's blows were well laid on.



THE FIRST STEP

*From the painting by Millet*

## 49

## A PICTURE STUDY

NAME all the objects you can see in this picture.  
What relation are these three people to each other?  
In what country do they live? (Notice the caps  
on the mother and baby, and the artist's name.)

5 What is the father's work?

In France what would he be called?

Notice the shadows, and tell what time of day it

is. Then tell what the father was doing when his wife and baby met him.

Why did they meet him ?

What did Millet especially want us to see in this picture ?

5

Why did he not paint the faces so that we could see them more distinctly ?

Notice how nearly every distinct line in this picture is horizontal. Find and name as many as you can. Notice especially that you can almost *see* a line extending from the father's to the baby's eyes.

Ask your teacher to read to you the story about Millet and his work.

**Composition.** — Write a composition on one of the following subjects : —

1. The First Step (description of the picture).
2. Jean François Millet's Early Life : —
  - a. His father and mother.
  - b. His work at home.
  - c. His drawing and how he came to study art.
  - d. The subjects he chose for his pictures.

## 50

## THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree

The village smithy stands ;

The smith, a mighty man is he,

With large and sinewy hands ;

5 And the muscles of his brawny arms

Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,

His face is like the tan ;

His brow is wet with honest sweat,

10 He earns whate'er he can,

And looks the whole world in the face,

For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night

You can hear his bellows blow ;

15 You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,

With measured beat and slow,

Like a sexton ringing the village bell,

When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school

20 Look in at the open door ;

They love to see the flaming forge,  
And hear the bellows roar,  
And catch the burning sparks that fly  
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church, 5  
And sits among his boys ;  
He hears the parson pray and preach ;  
He hears his daughter's voice,  
Singing in the village choir,  
And it makes his heart rejoice. 10

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,  
Singing in paradise !  
He needs must think of her once more,  
How in the grave she lies ;  
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes 15  
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,  
Onward through life he goes ;  
Each morning sees some task begin,  
Each evening sees it close ; 20  
Something attempted, something done,  
Has earned a night's repose.



Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,  
For the lesson thou hast taught !  
Thus at the flaming forge of life  
Our fortunes must be wrought ;  
5 Thus on its sounding anvil shaped  
Each burning deed and thought !

— HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

**sin'ewy**, strong ; **brawn'y**, large and muscular ; **choir** (quire),  
a group of singers in a church.

## 51

### THE HERITAGE

THE rich man's son inherits lands,  
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,  
And he inherits soft, white hands,  
10 And tender flesh that fears the cold,  
Nor dares to wear a garment old ;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.  
  
The rich man's son inherits cares ;  
15 The bank may break, the factory burn,  
A breath may burst his bubble shares,  
And soft, white hands could hardly earn  
A living that would serve his turn ;

A heritage, it seems to me,  
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ?

Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,  
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ; 5  
King of two hands, he does his part  
In every useful toil and art ;

A heritage, it seems to me,  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit ? 10

A patience learned of being poor,  
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,  
A fellow-feeling that is sure  
To make the outcast bless his door ;

A heritage, it seems to me, 15  
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil,  
That with all others level stands ;

Large charity doth never soil,  
But only whitens soft white hands, — 20  
This is the best crop from thy lands ;

A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state,  
There is worse weariness than thine,  
In merely being rich and great;  
Toil only gives the soul to shine,  
5 And makes rest fragrant and benign;  
A heritage, it seems to me,  
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

her'it age, something inherited; be nign', kindly; hold in fee, to possess.

Ask your teacher to read *The Heritage* aloud to you. Study the meaning. Ask any questions you need to ask about the poem. Then read it in concert with your class. What are all the things which the rich man's son inherits? The things it seems good for him to have? The things it seems bad for him to have? What are all the things which the poor man's son inherits? What may each do to make the world and themselves happier and better?

## 52

### THE CORN SONG

HEAP high the farmer's wintry hoard!  
Heap high the golden corn!  
10 No richer gift has Autumn poured  
From out her lavish horn!

Let other lands, exulting, glean  
The apple from the pine,  
The orange from its glossy green,  
The cluster from the vine ;

We better love the hardy gift  
Our rugged vales bestow,  
To cheer us when the storm shall drift  
Our harvest fields with snow.

5



Through vales of grass and meads of flowers  
Our plows their furrows made,  
While on the hills the sun and showers  
Of changeful April played.

10

We dropped the seed o'er hill and plain  
Beneath the sun of May,  
And frightened from our sprouting grain  
The robber crows away.

15

All through the long, bright days of June  
Its leaves grew green and fair,  
And waved in hot midsummer's noon  
Its soft and yellow hair.

5 And now, with Autumn's moonlit eves,  
Its harvest time has come,  
We pluck away the frosted leaves,  
And bear the treasure home.

There, richer than the fabled gift  
10 Apollo showered of old,  
Fair hands the broken grain shall sift,  
And knead its meal of gold.

Let vapid idlers loll in silk  
Around their costly board ;  
15 Give us the bowl of samp and milk,  
By homespun beauty poured !

Where'er the wide old kitchen hearth  
Sends up its smoky curls,  
Who will not thank the kindly earth,  
20 And bless our farmer girls !

Then shame on all the proud and vain,  
Whose folly laughs to scorn  
The blessing of our hardy grain,  
Our wealth of golden corn!

Let earth withhold her goodly root, 5  
Let mildew blight the rye,  
Give to the worm the orchard's fruit,  
The wheat field to the fly:

But let the good old crop adorn  
The hills our fathers trod; 10  
Still let us, for His golden corn,  
Send up our thanks to God!

—JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

**hoard**, something stored up for future use ; **lav'ish**, plentiful ; **knead**, to work over thoroughly by pressure of hands ; **vap'id**, empty headed ; **samp**, hominy, a dish made of Indian corn.

Read and study this *Corn Song* as you did *The Heritage*. Why is corn a "wintry hoard"? Find all the other names Whittier gives it. What is meant in the last two lines of the first stanza? Why does the New Englander love the Indian corn better than all the other things Whittier names? Tell about the New England farmers' custom of having husking bees on moonlight nights. What is meant by earth's *goodly root*?

## 53

## THE MILLER OF THE DEE



5

THERE dwelt a miller, hale  
and bold,  
Beside the river Dee ;  
He worked and sang from  
morn till night —  
No lark more blithe than  
he ;  
And this the burden of his  
song  
Forever used to be :  
“ I envy nobody — no, not  
I —

And nobody envies me ! ”

“ Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said good King Hal,

10

“ As wrong as wrong can be ;  
For could my heart be light as thine,  
I’d gladly change with thee.  
And tell me now, what makes thee sing,  
With voice so loud and free,  
15 While I am sad, though I’m a king,  
Beside the river Dee ? ”

The miller smiled and doffed his cap,

“I earn my bread,” quoth he ;

“I love my wife, I love my friend,

I love my children three ;

I owe no penny I cannot pay, 5

I thank the river Dee

That turns the mill that grinds the corn

That feeds my babes and me.”

“Good friend,” said Hal, and sighed the while,

“Farewell, and happy be ; 10

But say no more, if thou’dst be true,

That no one envies thee ;

Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,

Thy mill my kingdom’s fee ;

Such men as thou are England’s boast 15

O miller of the Dee !”

— CHARLES MACKAY.

**doff** (from *do off*), to take off.

Where is the River Dee? Why was the miller happy? Why did King Hal envy him? Why are such men as this miller “England’s boast”?



## 54

## FATHER IS COMING

THE clock is on the stroke of six,  
The father's work is done ;  
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,  
And put the kettle on !

5 The wild night wind is blowing cold,  
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.

He's crossing o'er the wold apace ;  
He's stronger than the storm ;  
He does not feel the cold, not he,

10 His heart it is too warm :  
For father's heart is stout and true  
As ever human bosom knew.

He makes all toil, all hardship light ;  
Would all men were the same,  
15 So ready to be pleased, so kind,  
So very slow to blame !

Folks need not be unkind, austere,  
For love hath readier will than fear !

And we'll do all that father likes,  
20 His wishes are so few !

Would they were more! that every hour  
Some wish of his I knew!  
I'm sure it makes a happy day,  
When I can please him any way.



I know he's coming, by this sign,  
The baby's almost wild ;  
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares; —  
Heaven bless the merry child!  
He's father's self in face and limb,  
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now —  
He's through the garden gate ;  
Run, little Bess, and ope the door,  
And do not let him wait !  
5 Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands !  
For father on the threshold stands.

— MARY HOWITT.

**wold**, an open tract of country ; **aus tere'**, harsh, stern.

Of these five preceding poems about labor, which one would make the best song ?

How many of them are about American workmen ?

In what country do the others live ?

Memorize the one you like best.

#### REVIEW OF THE USE OF THE APOSTROPHE

**Oral Exercise.** — Read the following proverbs and tell in your own words what you think each one means.

1. It's never too late to mend.
2. Where there's a will there's a way.
3. Don't put off till to-morrow what should be done to-day.
4. What can't be cured must be endured.
5. A wise son heareth his father's instruction.
6. A kind voice is like the lark's song.
7. Order is Heaven's first law.

**Written Exercise.** — Copy them, leaving out all the punctuation, then close your book and carefully punctuate them. Compare your work with the book, and correct if necessary.

Study the spelling, use of capitals and punctuation marks, until you can write them from dictation.

## 55

## LITTLE JOHN

[More than six hundred years ago, in England, there was said to be a group of Englishmen living in the forests, under the lead of a brave man called Robin Hood. They had been robbed of their lands by the Normans from France, who had conquered England, and they now in turn lived by robbing the rich Normans. They were said never to injure the poor, and to live a life free from care in the forests. Many stories of their deeds were told in the old ballads.]

THE lieutenant of Robin Hood's band was named Little John, not so much for his smallness in stature (for he was seven feet high and more), as for a reason which I shall tell later. And the manner in which Robin Hood, to whom 5 he was very dear, met him was this.

Robin Hood, on one occasion being hunting with his men and finding the sport to be poor, said: "We have had no sport now for some time. So I go abroad alone. And if I should 10 fall into any peril whence I cannot escape, I will blow my horn that ye may know of it and bear me aid." And with that he bade them adieu and departed alone, having with him his bow and the

arrows in his quiver. And passing shortly over a brook by a long bridge he met at the middle a stranger. And neither of the two would give way to the other. And Robin Hood, being  
5 angry, fitted an arrow to his bow and made ready to fire.

“Truly,” said the stranger at this, “thou art a fine fellow that you must draw your long bow on me, who have but a staff by me.”

10 “That is just, truly,” said Robin Hood; “and so I will lay by my bow and get me a staff, to try if your deeds be as good as your words.” And with that he went into a thicket and chose him a small ground oak for a staff, and returned  
15 to the stranger.

“Now,” said he, “I am a match for you, so let us play upon this bridge, and if one should fall in the stream the other will have the victory.”

“With all my heart,” said the stranger; “I  
20 shall not be the first to give out.”

And with that they began to make great play with their staves. And Robin Hood first struck the stranger such a blow as warmed all his blood, and from that they rattled their sticks as though

they had been threshing corn. And finally the stranger gave Robin Hood such a crack on his crown that he broke his head, and the blood flowed. But this only urged him the more, so that he attacked the stranger with such vigor that <sup>5</sup> he had like to have made an end of him. But he, growing into a fury, finally fetched him such a blow that he tumbled him from the bridge into the brook. Whereat the stranger laughed loudly and long, and cried out to him, "Where art thou <sup>10</sup> now, I prythee, my good fellow?"

And Robin replied, "Thou art truly a brave soul, and I will have no more to do with thee to-day; so our battle is at an end, and I must allow that thou hast won the day." And then, <sup>15</sup> wading to the bank, he pulled out his horn and blew a blast on it, so that the echoes flew throughout the valley.

And at that came fifty bold bowmen out of the wood, all clad in green, and they made for <sup>20</sup> Robin Hood, and said William Stukely, "What is the matter, my master? you are wet to the skin."

"Truly nothing is the matter," said Robin,

“but that the lad on the bridge has tumbled me into the stream.” And on that the archers would have seized the stranger to duck him as well, but Robin Hood forbade them. “No one shall harm  
5 thee, friend,” said he. “These are all my bowmen, threescore and nine, and if you will be one of us, you shall straightway have my livery and accouterments fit for a man. What say you?”

10 “With all my heart,” said the stranger; “here is my hand on it. My name is John Little, and I will be a good man and true to you.”

“His name shall be changed,” said William Stukely on this. “We will call him Little John,  
15 and I will be his godfather.”

So they fetched a pair of fat does and some humming strong ale, and there they christened their babe Little John, for he was seven feet high and an ell round his waist.

— From the *Legends of King Arthur*, by THOMAS BULFINCH.

**lieu ten'ant** (lū), an officer next in command to the chief; **per'il**, danger; **pry'thee**, pray thee; **liv'er y**, a uniform; **accou'ter ments**, the implements and equipment of a soldier; **chris'ten** (en), to name; **doe**, a female deer.

**Name Words (Nouns).** — Perhaps you have heard the following proverbs. Try to fill each blank place with the right word.

1. As the twig is bent the — inclines.
2. Make hay while the — shines.
3. A friend in need is a — indeed.
4. A new — sweeps clean.
5. Tall oaks from little — grow.
6. Many — make light work.
7. Time and — wait for no man.
8. Haste makes —.

Be able to write these eight proverbs from dictation.

Which one is a command?

What kind of sentences are all the others?

**Action Words (Verbs).** — Read the following proverbs and try to fill the blank places with the right words.

1. Handsome is that handsome —.
2. A stitch in time — nine.
3. Birds of a feather — together.
4. Actions — louder than words.
5. Still waters — deep.
6. Straws — which way the wind blows.
7. He laughs best who — last.
8. Wilful waste — woful want.

Study the six you like best so that you can write them from memory.

**Describing Words (Adjectives).** — Study the following proverbs until you can fill the blanks with the right words.



1. A — stone gathers no moss.
2. Early to bed and early to rise  
Makes a man healthy, —, and —.
3. A — answer turneth away wrath.
4. The — bird catches the worm.
5. A small spark makes a — fire.
6. A — dog seldom bites.
7. Half a loaf is better than — bread.

Select the five you like best and study them so that you can write them from memory.

**Common Sayings.** — For a very long time people have been using all these proverbs you have been studying, and many more. Some of them come from the Bible. From those which follow select the ones which you understand, and give their meaning in your own words.

1. Beauty is only skin deep.
2. A wise man keepeth his own counsel.
3. Have a place for everything and put everything in its place.
4. Practice makes perfect.
5. Well begun is half done.
6. Money is a good servant.
7. Do not count your chickens before they are hatched.
8. East or west, home is best.
9. Enough is as good as a feast.
10. Wisdom is better than rubies.
11. They who play with edged tools must expect to be cut.
12. Straws swim, but pearls lie at the bottom.

From all these proverbs you have been studying, select five and show how each might be used.

For example : —

Mary's flower bed needed weeding. She wanted to leave it until afternoon, but decided to do it directly after breakfast. Soon after she had finished weeding it began to rain, and her mother said, "It is always best to make hay while the sun shines."

Why do you think people have remembered and repeated these proverbs for so many generations? Every nation has them ; even the savages, such as the Indians, Eskimos, and Africans, who have little or no writing, say them to their children.

Here is one from the people of eastern Asia : —

"Who learns and learns, but acts not what he knows

Is one who plows and plows and never sows."

Tell in your own words what this means.

## 56

### ROBIN HOOD AND KING RICHARD

Now King Richard, hearing of the deeds of Robin Hood and his men, wondered much at them, and desired greatly himself to see him, and his men as well. So he, with a dozen of his lords, rode to Nottingham town, and there took <sup>5</sup> up his abode.

And being at Nottingham, the king one day, with his lords, put on friars' gowns every one, and rode forth from Fountain Abbey down to Barnsdale. And as they were riding there they  
5 saw Robin Hood and all his band standing ready to assail them. The king, being taller than the rest, was thought by Robin to be the abbot. So he made up to him and seized his horse by the head, and bade him stand. "For," said he, "it  
10 is against such knaves as you that I am bound to make war."

"But," said the king himself, "we are messengers from the king, who is but a little away, waiting to speak with you."

15 "God save the king," said Robin Hood, "and all his well-wish. And accursed be every one who may deny his sovereignty."

"You are cursing yourself," said the king, "for you are a traitor."

20 "Now," said Robin Hood, "if you were not the king's messenger, I would make you rue that word of yours. I am as true a man to the king as lives. And I never yet injured any honest man and true, but only those who make



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ROBIN HOOD AND THE KING

their living by stealing from others. I have never in my life harmed either husbandman or huntsman. My chief spite lies against the clergy, who have in these days great power. But I am  
5 right glad to have met you here. Come with me, and you shall taste our greenwood cheer."

But the king and his lords marvelled, wondering what kind of cheer Robin might provide for them.

10 And Robin took the king's horse by the head, and led toward his tent. "It is because thou comest from the king," said he, "that I use you in this wise; and hadst thou as much gold as ever I had, it should be all of it safe for good  
15 King Richard's sake."

And with that he took out his horn and blew on it a loud blast. And thereat came marching forth from the wood fivescore and ten of Robin's followers, and each one bent the knee before  
20 Robin Hood.

"Surely," thought the king, "it is a goodly sight to see; for they are more humble to their master than my servants are to me. Here may the court learn something from the greenwood."

And they laid a dinner for the king and his lords, and the king swore that he had never feasted better. Then Robin Hood, taking a can of ale, said: "Let us now begin, each man with his can. Here's a health to the king." And they all drank the health to the king, the king himself 5 as well as another.

And after the dinner, they all took their bows and showed the king such archery that the king said he had never seen such men in any foreign land. 10

And then said the king to Robin Hood, "If I could get thee a pardon from King Richard, wouldst thou serve the king well in everything?"

"Yes, with all my heart," said Robin. And so said all his men. 15

And with that the king declared himself to them, and said:—

"I am the king, your sovereign, that is now before you."

And at this Robin and all his men fell down 20 on their knees; but the king raised them up, saying to them that he pardoned each one of them, and that they should every one of them

be in his service. So the king returned to Nottingham, and with him returned Robin Hood and his men, to the great joy of the townspeople, whom they had for a long time sorely vexed.

- 5                    “And they are gone to London court,  
                      Robin Hood and all his train ;  
                      He once was there a noble peer,  
                      And now he’s there again.”

—From the *Legends of King Arthur*, by THOMAS BULFINCH.

**fri’ar**, a wandering priest ; **knave**, a worthless fellow ; **hus’band man**, a farmer ; **trait’or**, one who betrays friend or country ; **mar’vel**, to wonder ; **cler’gy**, the priests ; **sov’er eign** (en), king.

Copy and study, so you can write from dictation, paragraphs 3, 4, 5, 8, 13, 14 (the conversation between Robin and Richard).

## 57

### THE COTTAGER AND HER INFANT

- THE days are cold, the nights are long,  
 10 The north wind sings a doleful song ;  
     Then hush again upon my breast ;  
     All merry things are now at rest,  
         Save thee, my pretty love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;  
There's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,  
Then why so busy thou?

5

Nay! start not at that sparkling light,  
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
On the window-pane bedropped with rain;  
There, little darling, sleep again,  
And wake when it is day.

10

—DOROTHY WORDSWORTH.

dole'ful, sad.

Read this lullaby over and over until you can almost sing it. What season of the year is it? Prove it in as many ways as you can. What time of day is it? Read the lines which tell this. Write a description of the home, as you imagine it, in which the mother is singing.

#### COMPARISONS

The following comparisons are many of them as old as the proverbs you have studied.

This list is all about animals. The best-known ones are left for you to copy and fill in the blank with the name of the animal: —

1. As solemn as an owl.
2. As harmless as a dove.
3. As wise as a serpent.
4. As gay as a bird.



5. As brave as a lion.
6. As swift as a deer.
7. As fierce as a tiger.
8. As slow as a snail.
9. With sight as keen as an eagle's.
10. As timid as a rabbit.
11. As busy as a —.
12. As quiet as a —.
13. As sly as a —.
14. As quick as a —.
15. As faithful as a —.
16. As blind as a — in daytime.
17. As gentle as a —.
18. As greedy as a —.
19. As silly as a —.
20. As vain as a —.

Make eight sentences (two statements, two questions, two exclamations, and two commands), each one containing one of these comparisons.

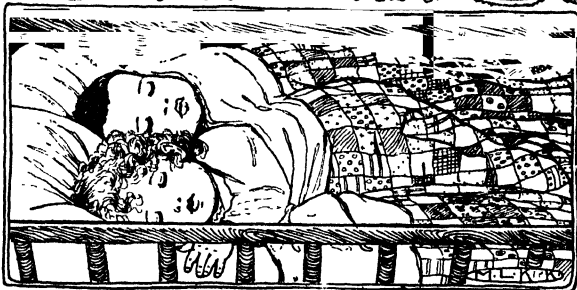
For example : —

George shouted, "Mother, isn't dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a bear!"

No doubt you can think of many more familiar comparisons, such as : —

1. As dark as a dungeon.
2. As hard as a stone.
3. As green as —.

Make a written list of as many as you can remember or learn from talking with other people.



58

## LULLABY

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,  
Smiles awake you when you rise.  
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby ;  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
And I will sing a lullaby ;  
Rock them, rock them, lullaby.

— THOMAS DEKKER.

## 59

## LUCY GRAY

OFT had I heard of Lucy Gray;  
And when I crossed the wild,  
I chanced to see at break of day  
The solitary Child.

5 No mate, no comrade, Lucy knew;  
She dwelt on a wide moor,—  
The sweetest thing that ever grew  
Beside a human door!

10 You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green;  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go:  
15 And take a lantern, child, to light  
Your mother through the snow.”

“That, father, will I gladly do:  
’Tis scarcely afternoon—  
20 The minster clock has just struck two;  
And yonder is the moon.”

At this the father raised  
his hook,  
And snapped a fagot  
band;  
He plied his work —  
and Lucy took  
The lantern in her  
hand.

Not blither is the moun-  
tain roe :

With many a wanton  
stroke

Her feet disperse the  
powdery snow,  
That rises up like  
smoke.

The storm came on  
before its time :

She wandered up and  
down ;

And many a hill did  
Lucy climb,  
But never reached  
the town.



The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide;  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide.

5 At daybreak on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor;  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,  
10 “In Heaven we all shall meet!”  
When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill’s edge  
They tracked the footmarks small;  
15 And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone wall;

And then an open field they crossed —  
The marks were still the same;  
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;  
20 And to the bridge they came.



## 60

## A LETTER

VENICE, ITALY,

August 13, 1882.

DEAR GERTIE :—

When the little children in Venice want to take  
5 a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the  
house and jump off, and swim about in the street.  
Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front  
steps, holding one end of a string, and the other  
end was tied to a little fellow who was swimming  
10 up the street. When he went too far, the nurse  
pulled in the string, and got her baby home again.  
Then I met another youngster, swimming in the  
street, whose mother had tied him to a post by  
the side of the door, so that when he tried to  
15 swim away to see another boy, who was tied to  
another door post up the street, he couldn't, and  
they had to sing out to one another over the water.

Is not this a queer city? You are always in  
danger of running over some of the people and  
20 drowning them, for you go about in a boat, in-  
stead of a carriage, and use an oar, instead of a  
horse. But it is ever so pretty, and the people,

especially the children, are very bright, and gay, and handsome. When you are sitting in your room at night, you hear some music under your window, and look out, and there is a boat with a man with a fiddle, and a woman with a voice, and they are serenading you. To be sure, they want some money when they are done, for everybody begs here, but they do it very prettily, and are full of fun. 5

Tell Susie I did not see the Queen this time. 10 She was out of town. But ever so many noble-men and princes have sent to know how Toody was, and how she looked, and I have sent them all her love.

There must be lots of pleasant things to do at 15 Andover, and I think you must have had a beautiful summer there. Pretty soon, now, you will go back to Boston. Do go into my house when you get there, and see if the doll and her baby are well and happy (but do not carry them off); and make the music box play a tune, and remember your affectionate uncle, 20

PHILLIPS.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This and the following letters of Phillips Brooks are reprinted by arrangement with Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.



**Letter Writing.** — The preceding letter was written by Phillips Brooks to his little niece.

Why is this a letter that you would be glad to get?

The line which tells *where* the letter was written is the **heading**. The line which tells *when* the letter was written is the **date**. The line which tells *to whom* the letter was written is the **salutation**. The line which says *good-by* is the **ending**. The *name of the writer* is the **signature**.

In this letter from Dr. Brooks read aloud the **heading**, the **date**, the **salutation**, the **ending**, the **signature**.

Copy the heading and date, the first paragraph and the ending of this letter, being careful about the arrangement and punctuation.

You may use this as a pattern for a friendly letter, and the following for addressing an envelope.

61

## A LETTER

56 GRAND HOTEL, VIENNA,

November 19, 1882.

Very private!!

DEAR GERTIE: —

5 This letter is an awful secret between you and me. If you tell anybody about it, I will not speak to you all this winter. And this is what it is about. You know Christmas is coming, and I

am afraid that I shall not get home by that time, and so I want you to go and get the Christmas presents for the children. The grown people will not get any from me this year. But I do not want the children to go without, so you must find 5 out, in the most secret way, just what Agnes and Toodie would most like to have, and get it and put it in their stockings on Christmas Eve. Then you must ask yourself what you want, but without letting yourself know about it, and get it too, and 10 put it in your own stocking, and be very much surprised when you find it there. And then you must sit down and think about Josephine DeWolf and the other baby at Springfield whose name I do not know, and consider what they would like, 15 and have it sent to them in time to reach them on Christmas Eve. Will you do all this for me? You can spend five dollars for each child, and if you show your father this letter, he will give you the money out of some of mine which he has got. 20 That rather breaks the secret, but you will want to consult your father and mother about what to get, especially for the Springfield children; so you may tell them about it, but do not dare to let any

of the children know of it until Christmas time. Then you can tell me in your Christmas letter just how you have managed about it all. . . .

This has taken up almost all my letter, and so  
5 I cannot tell you much about Vienna. Well, there is not a great deal to tell. It is an immense great city with very splendid houses and beautiful pictures and fine shops and handsome people. But I do not think the Austrians are nearly as  
10 nice as the ugly, honest Germans. Do you?

Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me, and tell him that I am very sorry I could not come this year, but I shall be there next year cer-  
15 tain! Give my love to all the children. I had a beautiful letter from aunt Susan the other day, which I am going to answer as soon as it stops raining. Tell her so if you see her. Be a good girl, and do not study too hard, and keep our  
20 secret.

Your affectionate uncle,

PHILLIPS.

Pretend you are the Gertie to whom Dr. Brooks wrote this second letter, and answer it, addressing the envelope to the address given in the letter heading.

**Letter Writing.** — Using the following list of people and addresses, address five make-believe envelopes.

*a.* Miss Margaret C. Johnson lives at 604 Madison Street, Syracuse, New York.

*b.* Mrs. James R. Connor lives at Silver City, New Mexico.

*c.* Mr. Alfred J. Leonard may be addressed at the Ryan Hotel, St. Paul, Minnesota.

*d.* Mrs. Milton O. Ford is staying at Old Forge, Herkimer Co., New York.

*e.* General Robert L. Howe is at San José, California.

## 62

## A LETTER

GRAND HOTEL, PARIS,

August 27, 1885.

MY DEAR TOOD:—

It really begins to look as if we were actually coming home, for you see the *Pavonia* arrived yesterday at Liverpool, and she will stay there until next Wednesday, and then she expects me to go back in her. It seems very likely, therefore, that two weeks from day after to-morrow, I shall come ashore in Boston; then I shall see you<sup>10</sup> and have the chance to thank you for all your pleasant letters, which it has been a very great delight to get, and which have very much relieved

the weariness and troubles of my journey. I think that you are one of the very best letter writers for your time of life that I know, and when you drop into poetry it is beautiful. So I  
5 will thank you when I get home, and we will sit in the shadow of the corn-barn and talk it over.

Paris is very bright and gay and pretty. Yesterday I went out to the Jardin d'Acclimatation (say that if you can), and the monkeys were very  
10 funny. How would it do to get three monkeys for North Andover, and tie them to a post in the side yard and see them play and fight? How would Tom like it? And do you think it would please Johnny, or would he only think they were  
15 some more Brooks children? I am afraid you have not seen much of Johnny this year. That is not wise. For he is a very brilliant little boy, and it would be a great advantage to you and A. if you talked with him. . . .

20

Your affectionate uncle,

P.

**Letter Writing.** — Write a letter to your teacher or one of your classmates, telling about some picnic or adventure that you had in your last vacation. Give your home address in the heading.

Put on the envelope the address which the one to whom you are writing has given you.

**Writing a Diary.** — Have you ever read some one's diary? Talk with your teacher and classmates about what a diary is, and how it should be kept.

Keep a diary for every day of the next week; then bring it to school and exchange with one of your friends in the class, so you can suggest corrections to each other.

## 63

## A DREAM LESSON

ONCE there was a little boy that wouldn't go to  
bed,

When they hinted at the subject, he would only  
shake his head,

When they asked him his intentions, he informed  
them pretty straight

That he wouldn't go to bed at all, and Nurse  
needn't wait.

As their arguments grew stronger, and their atti-  
tude more strict,

I grieve to say that naughty boy just yelled and  
screamed and kicked.

And he made up awful faces, and he told them up  
and down

That he wouldn't go to bed for all the nurses in  
the town.

Then Nursey lost her patience, and although it  
wasn't right,

Retorted that for all she cared he might sit up all  
night.

He approved of this arrangement, and he danced  
5 a jig for joy,

And turned a somersault with glee; he *was* a  
naughty boy.

And so they all went off to bed and left him sit-  
ting there,

Right in the corner by the fire in Grandpa's big  
armchair.

He read his books and played his games, — he  
even sang a song,

And thought how lovely it would be to sit up all  
10 night long.

But soon his games grew stupid, and his puzzles  
wouldn't work;

He drew himself up stiffly with a sudden little jerk,

And he said, "I am not sleepy, and I love to play alone—

And — I — think —" the rest was mumbled in a drowsy monotone.

He leaned back  
on the cushions like that  
night he had  
the croup;

His head began to  
wobble and  
his eyes began  
to droop;

He closed them for  
a minute, just  
to see how it  
would seem,

And straightway  
he was sound asleep, and dreamed this awful  
dream!

He thought he saw a garden filled with flowers  
and roses gay,

A great big gardener with a hoe came walking  
down his way;





“ Ah, ha ! ” exclaimed the gardener, as he clutched him by the head,

“ Here’s a fine specimen I’ve found ; I’ll plant him in this bed ! ”

He held the boy in one big hand, unheeding how he cried,

And with the other dug a hole enormous, deep, and wide.

He jammed the little fellow in, and said in gruffest  
5 tone,

“ This is the bed for naughty boys who won’t go to their own.”

And then the dirt was shoveled in, — it covered up his toes,

His ankles, knees, and waist, and arms, and higher yet it rose.

For still the gardener shoveled on, not noticing his cries ;

It came up to his chin and mouth — it almost  
10 reached his eyes ;

Just then he gathered all his strength and gave an awful scream,

And woke himself, and put an end to that terrific dream.



And he said as Nursey tucked him up and bade  
him snugly rest,  
“When I am planted in a bed, I like my own the  
best.”

—CAROLYN WELLS: *The Jingle Book*.

**ar'gu ment**, what is said to convince another; **at'ti tude**,  
manner; **re tort'**, reply; **mon'o tone**, a level tone of voice;  
**spec'i men**, an example of a certain kind of plant or animal;  
**ter rif'ic**, terrible.

## 64

## CATCHING FIREFLIES IN JAPAN

MANY persons in Japan earn their living during the summer months by catching and selling fireflies; indeed, the extent of this business entitles it to be regarded as a special industry. The  
5 chief center of this industry is the region about Ishiyama, in Goshū, by the lake of Ōmi,—a number of houses there supplying fireflies to many parts of the country, and especially to the great cities of Ōsaka and Kyōtō. From sixty to seventy  
10 firefly catchers are employed by each of the principal houses during the busy season. Some training is required for the occupation. A tyro might find it no easy matter to catch a hundred  
• fireflies in a single night; but an expert has been  
15 known to catch three thousand. The methods of capture, although of the simplest possible kind, are very interesting to see.

Immediately after sunset, the firefly hunter goes forth, with a long bamboo pole upon his  
20 shoulder, and a long bag of brown mosquito

netting wound, like a girdle, about his waist. When he reaches a wooded place frequented by fireflies, — usually some spot where willows are planted, on the bank of a river or lake, — he halts and watches the trees. As soon as the trees <sup>5</sup> begin to twinkle satisfactorily, he gets his net ready, approaches the most luminous tree, and with his long pole strikes the branches. The fireflies, dislodged by the shock, do not immediately take flight, as more active insects would do <sup>10</sup> under like circumstances, but drop helplessly to the ground, beetle-wise, where their light — always more brilliant in moments of fear or pain — renders them conspicuous. If suffered to remain upon the ground for a few moments, they will fly <sup>15</sup> away. But the catcher, picking them up with astonishing quickness, using both hands at once, deftly tosses them *into his mouth* — because he cannot lose the time required to put them, one by one, into the bag. Only when his mouth can <sup>20</sup> hold no more, does he drop the fireflies, unharmed, into the netting.

Thus the firefly catcher works until about two o'clock in the morning, — the old Japanese hour

of ghosts, — at which time the insects begin to leave the trees and seek the dewy soil. There they are said to bury their tails, so as to remain viewless. But now the hunter changes his tactics.  
5 Taking a bamboo broom, he brushes the surface of the turf lightly and quickly. Whenever touched or alarmed by the broom, the fireflies display their lanterns, and are immediately nipped and bagged. A little before dawn the hunters return  
10 to town.

At the firefly shops the captured insects are sorted as soon as possible, according to the brilliancy of their light, — the more luminous being the higher priced. Then they are put into gauze-  
15 covered boxes or cages, with a certain quantity of moistened grass in each cage. From one hundred to two hundred fireflies are placed in a single cage, according to grade. To these cages are attached small wooden tablets inscribed with the names of  
20 customers, — such as hotel proprietors, restaurant keepers, wholesale and retail insect merchants, and private persons who have ordered large quantities of fireflies for some particular festivity. The boxes are dispatched to their destinations by

nimble messengers,—for goods of this class cannot be safely intrusted to express companies.

Great numbers of fireflies are ordered for display at evening parties in the summer season. A large Japanese guest room usually overlooks a garden ; 5 and during a banquet or other evening entertainment, given in the sultry season, it is customary to set fireflies at liberty in the garden after sunset, that the visitors may enjoy the sight of the sparkling. Restaurant keepers purchase largely. 10 In the famous Dōtombori of Ōsaka, there is a house where myriads of fireflies are kept in a large space inclosed by mosquito netting, and customers of this house are permitted to enter the inclosure and capture a certain number of 15 fireflies to take home with them.

The wholesale price of living fireflies ranges from three sen per hundred up to thirteen sen per hundred, according to season and quality. Retail dealers sell them in cages ; and in Tokyo 20 the price of a cage of fireflies ranges from three sen up to several dollars. The cheapest kind of cage, containing only three or four fireflies, is scarcely more than two inches square ; but the

costly cages — veritable marvels of bamboo work, beautifully decorated — are as large as cages for song birds. Firefly cages of charming or fantastic shapes — model houses, junks, temple lanterns,



5 etc. — can be bought at prices ranging from thirty sen up to one dollar.

Firefly catching, as a business, is comparatively modern; but firefly hunting, as a diversion, is a very old custom. Anciently it was an aristocratic  
10 amusement, and great nobles used to give firefly-hunting parties — *botaru-gari*. In this busy era

of Meiji the *botaru-gari* is rather an amusement for children than for grown-up folks; but the latter occasionally find time to join in the sport. All over Japan, the children have their firefly hunts every summer—moonless nights being usually chosen for such expeditions. Girls follow the chase with paper fans; boys, with long, light poles, to the ends of which wisps of fresh bamboo grass are tied. When struck down by a fan or a wisp, the insects are easily secured, as they are slow to take wing after having once been checked in actual flight. While hunting, the children sing little songs, supposed to attract the shining prey. These songs differ according to locality; and the number of them is wonderful.

As a rule the children hunt only in parties, for obvious reasons. In former years it would have been deemed foolhardy to go alone in pursuit of fireflies, because there existed certain uncanny beliefs concerning them. And in some of the country districts these beliefs still prevail. What appear to be fireflies may be malevolent spirits, or goblin flies, or fox lights, kindled to delude the wayfarer. Even real fireflies are not always to



be trusted; the weirdness of their kinships might be inferred from their love of willow trees. Other trees have their particular spirits, good or evil, hamadryads or goblins; but the willow is particularly the tree of the dead—the favorite of human ghosts. Any firefly may be a ghost—who can tell? Besides, there is an old belief that the soul of a person still alive may sometimes assume the shape of a firefly.

— Adapted from LAFCADIO HEARN: *Kotto*.

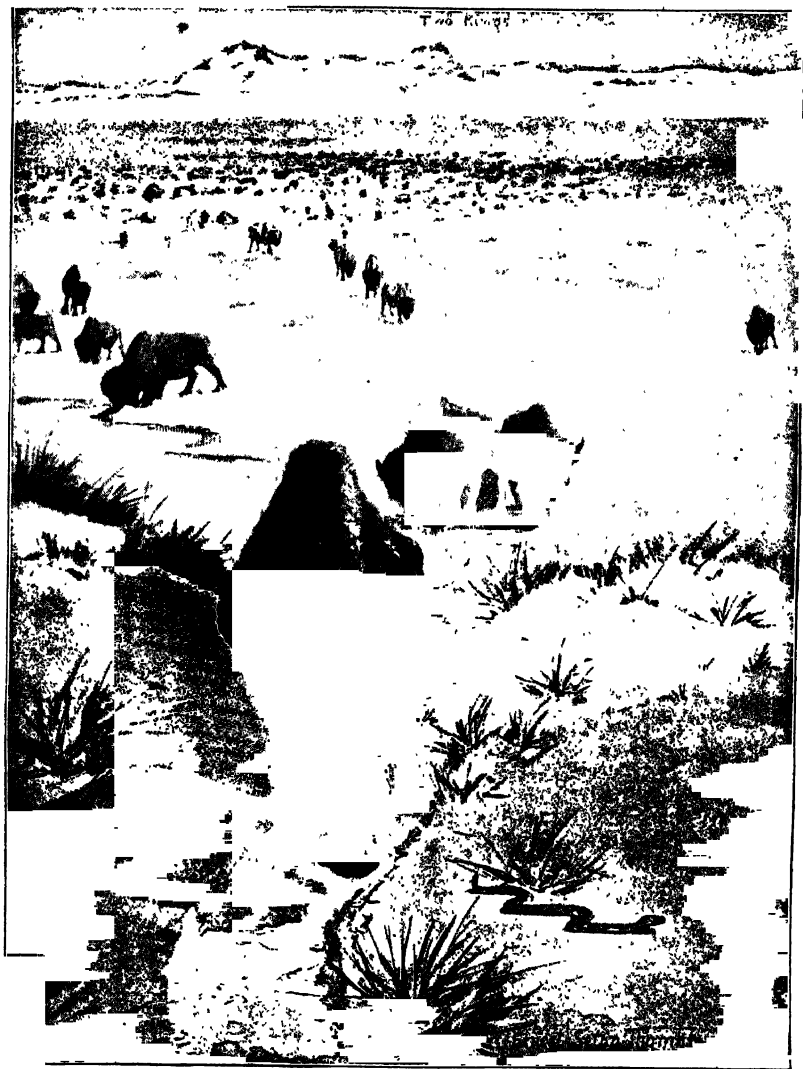
**sen**, a Japanese coin worth about four-fifths of a cent.

Japanese names are usually accented on the next to the last syllable.

## 65

### MONARCHS IN EXILE

10 STUPIDITY was the chief fault, or rather misfortune, of the buffalo. The foremost buffalo in the picture is an old male; these males were often six feet high at the shoulder, and measured ten feet from the tip of the nose to the root of the tail, 15 eight feet around the body just behind the fore legs, and weighed from fifteen to seventeen hundred pounds. Those seen at the circus were born in



THE BUFFALO

captivity, and are much smaller. The ponderous head is shaggy, with a tufted crown between the curved horns that match the hoofs in blackness. The nose and lips are bare, but the chin is bearded.

5 The shoulders and fore legs down to the knees are covered, generally, with thick woolly hair, while the hair on the back parts of the body is shorter and more wavy. The hair varies in color and length on the different parts of the

10 animal, ranging from yellowish brown to nearly black, and being from four to ten inches in length. Under the long hair and wool is a thick under-fur, which grows on the approach of cold weather and is shed, or moulted, again

15 before summer.

The buffalo has a hard time with his coat, and looks really respectable for only a very small part of the year. During four months he is well dressed, for the other eight he appears in various stages of

20 rags and tatters. In October he is quite a gentleman, wearing a new suit of beautifully shaded brown and buff which he manages to keep fresh and bright until after Christmas. Soon after this the effects of wear and tear, storm and snow,

appear in a general fading. You can easily see, however, that the buffalo, with his winter coat, added to a thick hide, could defy the weather even of the most open, wind-swept country, and must be one of the hardiest of our fourfoots. 5

All this tells you how the animal looked. Next you must know why he was king of American fourfoots: it was because of his usefulness to the two-footed Americans — the Indians who lived with him in wood, plain, and prairie, but chiefly 10 in the open plains. In the long ago every part of the buffalo was of service to the wild people who had never seen a white face, a horse, or a gun. In fact, it is strange that this shaggy brown monster of the plain was not worshiped by the savages 15 as a god; for during the last three hundred years of their liberty it was the buffalo chiefly that made it possible for them to live. As long as the Indian had the buffalo to supply his needs, he was independent and unconquerable. 20

In the far back time, of which there is no written history, men had no other instruments of killing than did the beast brotherhood, not even the stone ax, or bow and arrow. They were closely akin

to the wild beasts themselves, who were armed only with teeth, claws, and cunning. Man must have lived originally on fruits or animals weaker and less sure-footed than himself. In this struggle  
5 for a living the mind in man began to develop, and he shaped a club or a stone ax, made traps, and then caught animals that gave him material for better weapons. What animal could give him more than the buffalo?

- 10 The hairy skin made warm robes and other garments, the hairless hides furnished tent coverings, bags for carrying food, and, later, when horses came, saddles, also boats, shields, rawhide ropes, etc. The sinews made the thread to sew the  
15 robes, the lattice for the snowshoes and strings for bows; from the bones were fashioned many articles of use and ornament; the hoofs and horns gave drinking cups and spoons, as well as the glue with which the Indian fastened his stone arrow-  
20 heads to their wooden shafts. These parts of the buffalo would alone have made him valuable; but we have not mentioned the meat, the rich, nourishing, wild beef of North America. Think of the hundreds of pounds of food one beast would yield!

The meat of the old buffaloes was tough, as the meat of any other old animal is likely to be ; but the beef of the three-year-old, or the cows, is as delicious as our best roast beef.

Only a part of the meat was eaten fresh, the 5 rest was dried in various ways and kept for further use ; for the whole thought of the savage was given to self-preservation from two ghosts that crossed his path at every step, — his human enemies and starvation. Often the last was the more cruel of 10 the two. So the buffalo tongues were smoked and dried, the marrow from the bones packed away in skins, while all the titbits were pounded fine, mixed with melted fat, and sometimes berries also, to make a sort of hash more nearly like sausage 15 meat than anything else, which was called *pemmican*. When we think of the buffalo, we must think of the Indian also, and if the Indian did much at last to send this beast brother into exile, he also has shared it with him. 20

The buffalo's history is in three acts and many scenes. First, the golden days of peace and plenty, the rightful killing for food, with laborious hunting, a fair fight between man and beast.

“Take what ye need to eat,” said Nature to man and beast alike.

Then the white and red men joined in the pursuit; fleet horses were used in the chase instead of men’s feet, bullets killing from afar replaced the arrows shot at close range. There was not merely meat to eat or hides for covering, or reasonable trade, but waste and butchery. Skins traded for whisky, — the skins, too, of cows and their young.

Last of all came the railroads, bringing the white hunter with his deadly aim into the last retreat of the herds. These three acts will show you the living, the hunting, and the butchering of the buffalo.

The grass was best in the valleys along the water courses, and you would expect the buffaloes to stay in such places; but they were stupid even in their search for food, and wandered out on the dry plains where the grass that bore their name was turned to standing hay by drought and heat.

The buffalo had no private life; his time was spent in a crowd from the time in spring, when as

an awkward calf he found it difficult to keep up with the herd in its march, until his life was ended either by rushing with the stampeding herd into an engulfing bog, or, by straggling from the herd, wounded or feeble, and falling a victim to the grim 5 gray wolves who were as the buffaloes' shadows, following them ceaselessly.

The fact that the buffaloes grazed far and wide made their daily march to the water courses a ceremony of great importance, and their kingdom was 10 furrowed deeply by these trails worn by innumerable feet as they all followed their leader to the chosen watering place.

The leader whom they trusted was not always the strongest; it was often some wise old cow. 15 When she gave the signal, the feeding stopped; off they all marched, perhaps miles across country until water was reached, always, in spite of their stupidity, by the safest and most direct route to the desired spot. 20

You see in the picture the buffaloes are coming down a trail, and with them is another king of the plains, — the sand-colored sluggish prairie rattlesnake. ' Big as the buffalo is, he does not care to



pull the leaves from a tuft of curly grass if he sees one of these snakes near it. Nature evidently whispers to the buffalo very early in life: "The little horny knobs on your head will surely grow, 5 a lap for each year; at three you will carry sharp spikes; at ten polished black curved horns; at twenty, if you live so long, gnarled, furrowed stubs, — yet do not be proud; remember that gray rattlesnake coiled in the dust carries in his mouth 10 two fangs as deadly as your fiercest charge. Be friends; do not dispute, but share your kingdom with him." So they lived together, but the snake has outlasted his brother king.

## 66

MONARCHS IN EXILE (*Concluded*)

AN English traveler, early in this century, wrote 15 that in Pennsylvania, before the buffaloes had learned to fear people, a man built a log house near a salt spring where many buffaloes came to drink. The buffaloes evidently thought the house would make a delightful place to rub and scratch, 20 for history says they actually rubbed it down!

Before they learned the dread of people, and the necessity of keeping constantly on the watch, the buffalo's life was much like that of the great herds of domestic cattle that now range the same prairie pastures. The calves frisked and played, the 5 herds had their times of rest, of plenty and of scarcity, though the buffalo was a difficult animal to starve, and faced out blizzards before which the domestic cattle would turn tail and perish. This was one great reason why he should have been 10 protected, and this magnificent monarch kept in his kingdom and developed to suit present need. The buffalo was able to withstand all the natural dangers, of cold, hunger, and prowling wolves, to which he was exposed, and still increase and mul- 15 tiply. They made good fathers, too, taking the young calves under their protection, sometimes hustling them along through the wolf packs with horns lowered and tails raised, keeping the calves well inside the flying wedge. Their vitality was 20 so great that, if in falling over a precipice after some foolish run, a leg was broken, its owner was quite able to go about on the other three until it knit again. This is the first scene, — the golden

days of the buffaloes, — when they swarmed by hundreds of thousands, like mosquitoes over a marsh. These were the days when the red men had no weapons sufficient to kill them.

5 When the Indian had no weapons, he could slay only small game, and even when he had only a club and stone ax to help him, the killing of the thick-skinned, wool-clad buffalo must have been a difficult task. Do the best he could, the red man  
10 had to work desperately hard for every pound of flesh or hide he captured.

Then the mind of man began to develop and aid him. The Indian, knowing the buffalo's habit of stampeding from fright, laid stones, sticks, and  
15 brush on either side of some open space to make a sort of driveway, wide apart at first, but gradually narrowing until it ended either in a sort of pen or at the edge of a precipice.

After a herd was located, and this in itself was  
20 not always easy, a disturbance was made to start it running in the right direction. Perhaps a man went out and waved his arms, retreating down the driveway as the first of the herd came near to look at him. The curious animal would quicken his

pace, and as soon as he was fairly started the Indian slipped behind the barricade and joined with his comrades in shouting to frighten the herd that were now following their leader at full gallop.

5

On the mad throng rushed, crowding and trampling each other as the track narrowed, until, when they arrived in the pen, they were giving each other mortal wounds, the calves tossed on the horns of the old bulls and the weaker trampled<sup>10</sup> to death. Then, amid great personal danger, the Indians rushed in and killed those not already wounded, with stone axes, or in later days shot them with their flint arrows. You can see that it must have taken a strong arm to send a clumsy<sup>15</sup> stone arrow through the thick buffalo hide. If the animals were driven over a cliff and fell crippled at the bottom, the killing took place there in the same manner as in the pen. After the slaughter, the men discussed various scenes of the<sup>20</sup> affair as if it had been a battle between tribes, and the women came in, skinned the animals, cut up the meat, packed it on their wheelless dogcarts, and took it to camp.

Some time after, when the civilized races came to America and settled along the coasts, the horse found its way among the Indians. He came with the Spanish through Mexico in the South, and  
5 from the Canadian French in the North. Soon an Indian's wealth began to be measured by horses, as we measure ours by dollars. Indians mounted on half-breed horses followed the buffalo over the plains with greater success; for, as the  
10 old range of these animals in the East and South was being peopled and cultivated, the buffalo crowded westward, as the Indians themselves were soon to be crowded from their hunting grounds. This was the beginning of the end,  
15 though it took many years more to drive the monarch from his kingdom.

Act third came, passed rapidly, and with it the buffalo. Firearms, from musket to pistol, were plentiful, and then followed the deadly, long-  
20 range rifle. Stupid greed fell upon the Indian and white settler alike. No one listened to the warning cry, "Take what ye need to eat." It was not only flesh for food and hides for covering, but hides for sale, and cow hides at that,

with no respect of season. The Indian found that much deadly firewater could be bought for buffalo skins, and also that the hides of the females and calves were the softest and most valuable.

5

So then the massacre began; for it was outright murder to kill the females and young. Whites and Indians went out to kill, as an army prepared to maneuver, surprise, trap, and give no quarter. The buffaloes were chased by men 10 on horseback, who shot with pistols, as more easily used with one hand; they were also shot at from ambush with the long-range rifle, so that often the poor bewildered things, seeing no enemy, did not know in what direction to escape, 15 and huddled together as helpless victims. Still they held their own and increased until the last scene of all took place; and it seems that this was only yesterday.

There were never any large fourfoots on earth 20 to equal the buffaloes in numbers, and even in my day we have true records of a single herd of no less than four million head. A friend of mine once, riding on a train, passed for more than one hun-

dred miles through a single herd. It was dangerous, I can tell you, for the trains, and they often had to stop to let the buffaloes pass by. At this time the buffaloes were then in two great herds, 5 the northern and the southern. Then these began to melt away as great snowballs do in the sun. Railroads meant an easy way to reach the buffaloes, an easy way to transport the skins; for it was the skin more than the meat that was desired. 10 The engine whistle sounded the exile of this monarch, and for ten years his kingdom, shrinking and shifting, was a battlefield strewn with skinned carcasses. Next, the horns were gathered, and finally the bleached bones themselves were carried away 15 to be ground into fertilizer, and thus make the obliteration complete.

During a few years more there were stragglers here and there, and, in 1890, when I was going westward from the Black Hills in Wyoming, I 20 shot the beast whose head and skin we have here now. I said, "I will take this eastward when I have a home again, that my grandchildren may believe that such beasts lived, and that their grandfather knew them on their native plains, for

by that time this king will be in exile." It has all happened sooner than I thought so much slaughter could happen.

Now a few, a mere handful, twenty-four perhaps in all, live wild in the Yellowstone Park. <sup>5</sup> A hundred more are scattered here and there in kind captivity, where they may live for some time, but lose their type and spirits like the captive Indians. Now you may travel the plains from New Mexico north and see no other trace of the <sup>10</sup> buffalo than a weather-beaten skull,—the perch for a burrowing owl, or the retreat of the other king, the rattlesnake.

As the buffalo vanished, the Indian as a free-man vanished also; his wild beef is gone and he <sup>15</sup> is given rations in begrudged charity. Once both buffalo and Indian might have been developed to useful citizens; now, if we succeed in preserving either race, it will be only as captives. The king-<sup>20</sup> dom of each is destroyed, and the people of this land are not blameless.

— Adapted from MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT: *Stories of Birds and Beasts*.

[NOTE. This account of the buffalo is given to a group of children by an old gentleman.]



**Written Exercise.** — Write an account of the buffalo under one of the following headings, using the outline given, or one that you make for yourself.

1. The Buffalo.

a. His appearance: size, hair, horns, etc.

b. His habits: herding, feeding, going to drink, etc.

c. Uses of the buffalo to man.

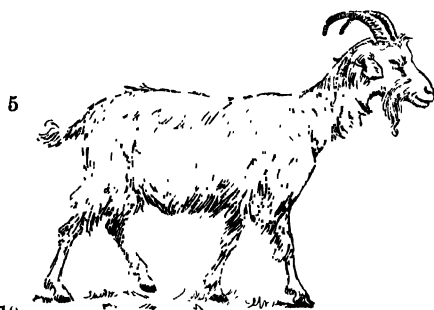
2. The Killing of the Buffalo.

a. By the Indians.    b. By the white man.

67

MR. SEGUIN'S GOAT

MR. SEGUIN had never been lucky with his goats. He lost them all in the same manner:



one fine morning they would break their rope, go away to the mountain, and up there the wolf ate them. Neither their master's caresses nor fear of the wolf, —

nothing whatever could hold them. They were, it seems, independent goats, who wished at any price to have the open air and freedom.

Good Mr. Seguin, who understood nothing about the character of his animals, was dismayed. He said: "It is no use. Goats grow weary here. I shan't be able to keep a single one."

Yet he kept up his courage, and when he had <sup>5</sup> lost six goats in the same way, he bought a seventh; only this time he took care to get her quite young, in order that she might grow used to living with him.

And how pretty Mr. Seguin's little goat was! <sup>10</sup> How pretty her soft eyes were, and her tuft of beard, her black and glistening hoofs, her striped horns, and her long white hair like a cloak! And then she was so tame, so loving; she allowed <sup>15</sup> herself to be milked without stirring, without putting her foot in the pail—a darling little goat!

Mr. Seguin had behind his house an inclosure surrounded with hawthorns. It was there that he put his new boarder. He fastened her to a stake, on the finest spot in the meadow, taking <sup>20</sup> care to give her plenty of rope, and from time to time he would go to see whether she was comfortable. The goat felt very happy, and she nibbled the grass so heartily that Mr. Seguin

was delighted. "At last," thought the poor man, "here is one who will not grow weary of staying with me!"

Mr. Seguin was mistaken; his goat did grow  
5 weary. One day, as she gazed up at the mountain, she said to herself: "How fine it must be up there! What fun to frolic in the heather, without this old rope to chafe one's neck! It is well enough for the donkey and the ox to graze  
10 in a pen. As for goats, they must have room."

From that moment the grass in the inclosure seemed tasteless. Weariness came upon her. She grew thin; her milk became less plentiful. It was sad to see her tugging all day at her  
15 tether, with her head turned away toward the mountain, and her nostrils wide open, while she dolefully said, "M-m-a-a!"

Mr. Seguin was quite aware that something ailed his goat, but he knew not what it was. One  
20 morning, when he had almost finished milking her, the goat turned round and said to him in her lingo: "Listen, Mr. Seguin, it is so dull for me here with you. Let me go away to the mountain."

"Oh, dear me! she, too!" cried Mr. Seguin, aghast, and in the same breath he dropped his pail; then, sitting down in the grass beside his goat, he said, "Well, well! Blanquette; so you wish to leave me!"

5

And Blanquette answered, "Yes, Mr. Seguin."

"Isn't there grass enough for you here?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Seguin."

"You are tied too short, perhaps; do you want me to lengthen the rope?"

10

"It is not worth while, Mr. Seguin."

"Then what do you need? What is it you wish?"

"I wish to go to the mountain, Mr. Seguin."

"But, poor thing, don't you know that the wolf<sup>15</sup> is on the mountain? What will you do when he comes?"

"I will butt him with my horns, Mr. Seguin."

"The wolf doesn't care about your horns. He has eaten goats of mine far better horned than<sup>20</sup> you. You remember well poor old Renaude who was here last year? A splendid goat; strong, and wicked as an old buck. She fought with the wolf all night; then in the morning the wolf ate her."

“Dear, dear! poor Renaude. . . . No matter, Mr. Seguin, let me go to the mountain.”

“Goodness gracious!” said Mr. Seguin; “what can they be doing to my goats? Here is another  
5 that the wolf is going to make away with. — Well, no! I will save you in spite of yourself, little scamp! And lest you break your rope, I am going to shut you up in the stable and you shall stay there forever.”

10 Thereupon Mr. Seguin carried off the goat into a stable, quite dark, and he locked and bolted the door. Unfortunately he had forgotten the window, and scarcely had he turned his back, when the little one was gone.

15 When the little white goat reached the mountain, everything went into raptures. Never had the old pines beheld anything so pretty. She was received like a little queen. The chestnut trees bowed down to the earth to stroke her with the  
20 tips of their branches. The golden broom opened as she went by and smelt as sweet as it knew how. The whole mountain gave her a hearty welcome.

You may imagine whether our goat was happy. No more rope, no more stake, nothing to keep

her from frisking and nibbling just as she chose. There was grass for you, up over her horns, my dear! And what grass! Savory, fine, rough-edged, of a thousand kinds! That was something quite different from the turf on the farm. <sup>5</sup> And flowers, what flowers! Foxgloves with deep cups, great bluebell flowers! a whole forest of wild flowers overflowing with intoxicating juices!

The white goat, half tipsy, wallowed in them with her legs in the air and went rolling down the <sup>10</sup> slopes, helter skelter among the fallen leaves and chestnuts. Then suddenly with a bound she was on her feet. Hi! away she went, head first, through brush and through thicket, now on top of a peak, now at the bottom of a ravine, above, <sup>15</sup> below, everywhere. You might have supposed Mr. Seguin had ten goats on the mountain.

The fact is that she feared nothing, this Blanche. She flew at a bound over great torrents which splashed her, as she went, with spray and <sup>20</sup> foam. Then, all dripping, she stretched herself out on a flat rock and dried herself in the sun. Once, on coming to the edge of an upland, with a mouthful of clover blossoms, she perceived, far

below in the plain, Mr. Seguin's house with the pen behind. This made her laugh to the verge of tears. "How small it is!" said she; "how could that have held me?"

5 Poor little thing! Seeing herself on so high a perch, she believed she was at least as big as the world.

In fine, it was a happy day for Mr. Seguin's goat. Toward noon, as she ran hither and thither,  
10 she came upon a flock of chamois, hungrily cropping a wild vine. Our little runner in her white gown made a sensation. They gave her the best place at the vine, and were all very polite.

All of a sudden the wind grew cool. The  
15 mountains turned to a violet hue; it was evening. — "Already!" said the little goat, and she stopped, greatly astonished.

Below, the fields were wrapt in haze. Mr. Seguin's inclosure was vanishing in mist, and of  
20 the tiny cot only the roof and a little smoke were now to be seen. She listened to the bells of a flock that was being led in for the night and she felt a great sadness in her soul. A falcon homeward bound grazed her with his wings as he

passed. She gave a start. Then there was a long howl on the mountain: Hoo-oo! Hoo-oo-oo!

She thought of the wolf; all day long the crazy thing had not thought of him. At the same instant a horn sounded far away in the valley. It was good Mr. Seguin making a last effort.

"Hoo-oo-oo! hoo-oo-oo!" went the wolf.

"Come back! come back!" blew the horn.

Blanquette had a longing to return, but recalling the rope, the stake, and the hedge round the pen, she thought that now she could no longer get used to that life and that it was better to remain.

The horn was silent now. The goat heard behind her a rustle of leaves. She turned round and saw in the shadows two short ears, quite straight, and two eyes that gleamed. It was the wolf.

Huge, motionless, seated on his hind quarters, there he was, looking at the little white goat and already tasting her. As he knew well that he should eat her, the wolf was in no haste; yet, when she turned round, he fell to laughing wickedly. "Ha! ha! Mr. Seguin's little goat!" And he licked his loose chops with his great red tongue.

Blanquette felt that she was lost. For a



moment, remembering the story of old Renaude, who had fought all night, only to be eaten in the morning, she said to herself it would be better, perhaps, to let herself be eaten up at once; then, 5 having changed her mind, she set herself on guard, her head low and her horns forward, like the brave little goat of Mr. Seguin that she was. Not that she had hopes of killing the wolf, — goats do not kill the wolf, — but only to see whether 10 she could hold out as long as Renaude.

Then the monster advanced, and her little horns began to dance. Oh, the brave little goat, how lustily she went about it! More than ten times she forced the wolf to draw back to catch his 15 breath. During these minute-long truces, the little glutton would hastily crop off one more blade of her dear grass; then she returned to the combat, with her mouth full.

That lasted all night. From time to time Mr. 20 Seguin's goat would look at the stars twinkling in the clear heavens, and she would say to herself, "Oh, if only I can hold out till dawn."

One after another the stars went out. Blanquette butted harder and harder; the wolf snapped

more and more. A pale glow appeared on the horizon. The crow of a hoarse cock rose from a farm. "At last!" said the poor little beast, who was only awaiting the day to die; and she stretched out on the ground, her white coat all spotted with blood. Then the wolf flung himself upon the little goat and ate her. 5

The story that you have heard is no tale of my making. If you came to Provence, our householders will often tell you about Mr. Seguin's goat, 10 who fought with the wolf all night; — and then the wolf ate her. You understand me well, do you not? And then, in the morning, the wolf ate her.

— Translated and adapted from the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET, by  
RICHARD HOLBROOK.



## WORD FORMS

## PART 1

**Oral Exercise.** — When a *name* word or *noun* means *one* thing (cat), it has the *singular* form. When it means *two* or more things (cats), it has the *plural* form.

SINGULAR	PLURAL
chair	chairs
blackboard	blackboards
table	tables
desk	desks
cabinet	cabinets
cupboard	cupboards
picture	pictures

How do all these words form their plural ?

**Written Exercise.** — Write in a column a list of the names of eight things which you use in your everyday school work, and write their plurals in a second column.

Most nouns form their plurals by adding *s*. The following lessons give some exceptions.

## PART 2

**Rule.** — Some nouns ending in *o* form their plurals by adding *s*.

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
cameo	cameos
cuckoo	

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
piano	
lasso	
soprano	
alto	
solo	
halo	
zero	
two	
trio	
folio	

Copy column (a), then write in column (b) the plural of each word.

## PART 3

**Rule.** — Some nouns ending in *o* form their plurals by adding *es*.

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
negro	negroes
mulatto	
buffalo	
flamingo	
mosquito	
calico	
cargo	
domino	
echo	
grotto	

(a)  
SINGULAR  
volcano  
hero  
motto

(b)  
PLURAL

Study these words as in Part 2.

PART 4

**Rule.** — Most nouns ending in *f* or *fe* form their plural by adding *s*.

(a)  
SINGULAR  
roof  
proof  
hoof  
grief  
dwarf  
chief  
fife  
safe

(b)  
PLURAL  
roofs

Study as in Part 2.

PART 5

These fifteen nouns ending in *f* or *fe* form their plural by changing the *f* or *fe* to *ves*.

(a)  
SINGULAR  
beef  
calf

(b)  
PLURAL  
beeves  
calves

(a)  
SINGULAR

elf  
half  
self  
sheaf  
leaf  
wolf  
knife  
wife  
life  
loaf  
shelf  
thief  
wharf

(b)  
PLURAL  
elves

wharfs or wharves

Study as in Part 2.

#### PART 6

**Rule.** — Some nouns ending in *y* form their plurals by adding *s*.

(a)  
SINGULAR

day  
quay  
buoy  
chimney  
journey  
donkey  
monkey  
alley  
valley  
pulley

(b)  
PLURAL  
days

Study as in Part 2.

## PART 7

Give the rule for forming the plurals of these nouns.

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
city	cities
story	stories
baby	babies
fairy	fairies
mystery	
pansy	
lily	
daisy	
berry	
ferry	
penny	
family	
quarry	
copy	

Study as in Part 2.

## PART 8

All the words in this lesson change the vowel sound in forming the plural.

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
man	men
woman	women
child	children

(a)	(b)
SINGULAR	PLURAL
mouse	mice
goose	geese
tooth	teeth

Study as in Part 2.

### PART 9

**Review of Eight Preceding Lessons.** — Study the rules, then write each one from memory, following it with at least two examples, thus: —

Most nouns form their plurals by adding *s*.

SINGULAR	PLURAL
house	houses
road	roads

### PART 10

The following lessons contain words which sound alike, but have different spelling and meanings.

Study the spelling of these words and use them in sentences of your own.

**there** — Please set the plant *there*.

**their** — *Their* house is dark gray.

**week** — Seven days make a *week*.

**weak** — The mouse was *weak* from fear.

**would** — *Would* you like to play croquet?

**wood** — The basswood is soft *wood*.

**hear** — Listen! do you *hear* the lark sing?

**here** — Thank you, I will sit *here*.



**heard** — I think I *heard* a blackbird whistle.

**herd** — Did you see the *herd* of deer in the park?

## PART 11

Study these words and use them in sentences of your own making.

Tell what kind of a sentence each of the following is.

In what three ways are capital letters used in these sentences?

Be able to write them from dictation.

**deer, dear** — The little *deer* is *dear* to its mother.

**so** — The oriole's nest is hung *so* high that a cat cannot climb to it.

**sew** — Will you *sew* this seam for me?

**sow** — Farmer Hopkins will *sow* his oats to-morrow.

**two** — See the *two* deer under the tree!

**to** — Please bring the flower *to* me.

**too** — The road is *too* muddy for driving.

I will go and you may go *too*.

What does the first *too* mean?

What does the second *too* mean?

## PART 12

**road** — Isn't this a dreadful *road*!

**rode** — We *rode* along the new River *Road*.

**rowed** — We *rowed* up the pond to get water lilies.

**flower** — The cardinal *flower* grows in the swamp.

**flour** — Is that *flour* made from wheat or rye?

**blue** — The *bluebird* knows it is April.

**blew** — The wind *blew* terribly!

**hole** — There is the woodpecker's nest in the *hole* in the oak tree.

**whole** — We *rowed* the *whole* distance up the creek.

Study as in Part 11.

**Review of Parts 10, 11, 12.** — In the *Jackal and the Partridge*, find where *two*, *too*, and *to* are used and study how each is used there.

Review all the words in these lessons, select the ones which have seemed hardest for you, and use them in both oral and written sentences until you are quite sure you cannot be puzzled in their use again.

## SOME TROUBLESOME WORDS

### PART 1

**lay**                      **lie**

#### EXAMPLES OF USE

The hen *lays* the egg in the nest.

The egg *lies* in the nest.

You may *lay* the flower here.

The flower *lies* here.

You *laid* the pencil here.

The pencil *lay* there until you removed it.

You *have laid* the pencil here.

The pencil *has lain* in your desk.

Read these sentences aloud again and again until you have learned how they *sound* when correctly used, and can write them from dictation.

Make sentences using the different forms of *lay* and *lie*.

Copy the following sentences, filling the blanks with the correct forms of *lay* and *lie*.

The cows — under the trees.

The gardener would not let us — on the wet grass.

Hush, my dear, — still and slumber.

My hat — on the grass.

Please — the book there.

You — the hoe on the ground.

## PART 2

sit

set

### EXAMPLES OF USE

I *set* the hen on the nest and she *sat* there contentedly.

The nurse *sets* the baby in the carriage and the baby *sits* still.

John *has set* the dog to watch the woodchuck hole, and Rover *has set* there an hour.

Read these sentences aloud many times to learn the sound of the correct use.

Study them so you can write them from dictation.

Make oral and written sentences using the different forms of *sit* and *set*.

Copy these sentences and fill blanks with correct forms of *sit* and *set*.

I — the table for breakfast.

The robin — on her nest.

Please — the broom in the corner.

Old Mrs. Dominick — on her nest for three weeks.

Richard has —— his watch by the clock.  
We will —— a trap for the weasel.  
Anna, where will you —— the rosebush?

## PART 3

raise                      rise

## EXAMPLES OF USE

We *raise* the stone from the ground.  
The feather *rose* in the air.  
I *raised* my hand, but you did not see it *rise*.  
They *have raised* their house.  
The dandelion seeds *have risen* in the breeze.

Study these sentences as in Parts 1 and 2.

Copy the following sentences, filling blanks with the correct forms of *raise* and *rise*.

The hen —— from her nest when I —— my hand to feed her.  
Please —— your chair so I can find my thimble.  
Shall you —— lettuce in your garden?  
Oh, see the kite —— in the air!  
Mr. McAdams has —— the roof of his house.  
The clover —— her sweet head after the storm.



## SPELLING LIST

<b>30.</b>	<b>va por</b>	<b>35.</b>	<b>meas ure</b>
tread	view	for mer	ten der
light ly	cot tage	lat ter	bee ch
hushed	dwell ing	re plied	faith ful
leaf less	heav en	doubt less	<b>33.</b>
grove		sphere	spec i men
rove	<b>33.</b>	dis grace	mag nif i cent
glide	cor ner	oc cu py	flour ish
gi ant	nat u ral	de ny	col umn
in spire	glance	tal ent	cour te sy
soul	an oth er	dif fer	av e nue
<b>31.</b>	en trance	<b>36.</b>	grad u al ly
re joice	speed i ly	float	ar ri val
two fold	ten ants	crowd	coun te nance
bab bling	nes tle	stretched	par tic u lar
sun shine	ad van tage	mar gin	<b>39.</b>
wel come	pre fer	toss ing	gloom ing
dar ling	<b>34.</b>	spar kling	be gun
mys ter y	ex cur sion	po et	bus i ly
school boy	tim id	gaze	fir
blessed	fash ion	wealth	hem lock
thou sand	fail ure	couch	earl
<b>32.</b>	move ment	<b>37.</b>	elm
day light	fur ther	slen der	pearl
passed	thor ough ly	teth er	soft en
si lence	heap	kneel	noise less
moun tain	ex cit ed	feast	<b>40.</b>
vis ion	leis ure	shook	gar ment
		draught	shak en

wood land  
po em  
syl la ble  
re cord  
se cret  
de spair  
re veal  
hoard

## 41.

an nounce  
trum pet  
ar rive  
no where  
veil  
farm house  
stopped  
de lay  
ra di ant  
in close

## 42.

stir ring  
stock ing  
chim ney  
nes tle  
sug ar  
ker chief  
lawn  
sleigh

tar nish  
dim ple

## 43.

as sem ble  
fas ci nate  
ceil ing  
prop er ty  
stalk

pro ces sion  
con sid er  
to bac co  
rec og nize  
mul ti tude

## 44.

val ley  
height  
blus ter ing  
pow der  
crest

rear  
swarm  
cit ies  
sil ver y  
pitch er

## 45.

un der stood  
re al ize  
re cite

square  
ru mor  
min is ter  
prin ci pal  
re ceive  
med al  
pil lar

## 46.

stern  
rock bound  
coast  
ex ile  
con quer or  
hymn  
depth  
o cean  
free dom  
jew el

## 47.

treas ure  
cup board  
dan ger ous  
gor geous  
rough en  
cush ion  
car pen ter  
dis cour age  
in dus tri ous  
pri vate

## 48.

shil ling  
sal a ry  
mag is trate  
sat is fy  
dough nut  
char ac ter  
heav y  
but ton  
fin er y  
im me di ate ly

## 49.

ob jects  
pic ture  
re la tion  
art ist  
France  
no tice  
do ing  
es pe cial ly  
ex tend  
teach er

## 50.

vil lage  
black smith  
chest nut  
bel lows  
sled ge  
sex ton

forge  
par son  
choir  
at tempt

51.

in her it  
ten der  
scarce  
fac to ry  
bub ble  
out cast  
pa tience  
lev el  
fra grant  
worth

52.

au tumn  
pour  
wheat  
clus ter  
fur row  
show er  
rob ber  
knead  
or chard  
with hold

53.

hale  
blithe

bur den  
no bod y  
en vy  
wrong  
earn  
pen ny  
grind  
sigh

54.

ket tle  
drear y  
hu man  
thresh old  
read y  
blame  
few  
stare  
foot step  
shout

55.

rea son  
a broad  
es cape  
a dieu  
staff  
thick et  
ech o  
blast

mas ter  
fetch

56.

de sire  
as sail  
ab bot  
seize  
knave  
hon est  
chief  
cheer  
pro vide  
hum ble

57.

cot ta ger  
in fant  
dole ful  
breast  
kit ten  
crick et  
cease  
busy  
stir ring  
nib bling

58.

lul la by  
gold en  
slum ber

eyes  
pret ty  
smiles  
wan ton  
a wake  
when  
cleep

59.

chance  
fawn  
lan tern  
af ter noon  
yon der  
wan der  
nei ther  
through  
haw thorn  
tracked

60.

Ven ice  
nurse  
street  
queer  
car riage  
oar  
hand some  
fid dle  
ever y bod y  
no ble man



<b>61.</b>	re lieve	<b>64.</b>	ma te ri al
Christ mas	trou ble	fire fly	tough
pres ent	a fraid	busi ness	ghost
con sult	like ly	in dus try	sau sage
break	po et ry	cap ture	ar row
man age`	ex pect	cir cum stance	fierce
im mense	<b>63.</b>	read y	<b>66.</b>
Ger man	sub ject	re tail	mon arch
tur key	in ten tion	cus tom er	scratch
cer tain	naugh ty	res tau rant	dif fi cult
an swer	scream	mer chant	in crease
	ap prove		prec i pice
<b>62.</b>	ar range ment	<b>65.</b>	mos qui to
ac tu al ly	love ly	fault	per son al
yes ter day	puz zle	meas ure	clum sy
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